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OH! LOVE WHILE LOVE IS LEFT TO THEE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Oh! love while love is left to thee;
Oh! love while love is yet thine own;
The hour will come when bitterly
Thou'lt mourn by silent grave—alone!

And let thy breast with kindness glow,
And gentle thoughts within thee move,
While yet a heart through weal and wo,
Beats to thine own, in faithful love.

And guard thy lips, and keep them still;
Too soon escapes an angry word:
"Ah, Heaven! I did not mean it ill!"
But yet, he sorrowed as he heard.

Oh! love while love is left to thee;
Oh! love while love is yet thine own;
The hour will come when bitterly
Thou'lt mourn by silent grave—alone.

Unheard, unheeded then, alas!
Kneeling, thou'lt hide thy streaming eyes
Amid the long damp church-yard grass,
Where, cold and low, thy loved one lies.

And murmur: "Oh! look down on me,
Mourning my causeless anger still;
Forgive my hasty word to thee—
Ah, Heaven! I did not mean it ill."

He hears not now thy voice to bless,
In vain th'ne arms are flung to heaven!
And stilled the loved lip's fond caress,
It answers not, "I Have forgiven!"

He *did* forgive—long, long ago!
But many a burning tear he shed
O'er thy unkindness—softly now,
He slumbers with the silent dead.

Oh! love while love is left to thee;
Oh! love while love is yet thine own;
The hour will come when bitterly
Thou'lt mourn by silent grave—alone!

M. G.

Original Novelet.

UNCLE WOLFE.

A STORY OF THE OLD PARSONAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

VIII.

In the morning my uncle came down to breakfast as usual. He spoke to me pleasantly, and did not seem in the least surprised to meet Wilfred in the house. Throughout the day his demeanor was particularly agreeable, and at twelve, when the trunks of our expected visitors came up from the city, he even condescended to jest with me about my pale cheeks, and the very becoming dress I wore.

"Yes," was my reply, "I always endeavor to look my best when Lilly and her brother are coming to spend the evening with us," and I then felt my cheeks flush hotly.

His brow grew dark in a moment.

"Are they coming here to-night? How came you to invite them when *I* expected company?"

"You did not tell me you expected company, or I might have prepared for them. Wilfred told me, however; but our engagement with the Rathburns was made before I knew of it at all."

He said no more, but turned and walked stiffly away.

I was in my chamber when my uncle's visitors arrived, and was sent for, to bid them welcome. How could I do that? I could not make a show of pleasure, for I felt none at their coming—rather, disgust. To play the hypocrite would have been altogether a new and difficult character for me, so I met the brother and sister calmly—perhaps coldly—and attended Belle to her chamber, leaving the elegant Dick to be entertained by Wilfred.

"What a very odd house this is!" simpered Belle, as she stood near the toilet-table, in the east room, glancing in the large mirror, and adjusting a collar of mechlin lace with studious precision. "What queer places there are about here—nothing very new or stylish, is there?"

I replied that it was an old-fashioned, but convenient residence.

"Not much to be seen from here, is there?" she queried, again glancing towards the wood-crowned hill.

"Would you prefer a more cheerful chamber?" I asked, "we have one on the opposite side of the hall, but it is rather contracted.—Your trunks can be changed to that if you say so—there is more sun there."

"Oh! no," she replied, turning her light, unmeaning eyes round the room, "I'm used to a large apartment. I don't like the sun to come full upon it, it so spoils the complexion, and I never care much about looking out—I generally *crochet* when I'm sitting down."

I was relieved at the indifference, for I began to fear that perhaps I must give up my own delightful rooms, and I think I could not have done it with a very ready grace. As she stood there, fastening the studs of her undersleeves, I looked at her with a closer scrutiny than I had ever exercised before, and thought I had never seen anything more meaningless than the expression of her face. She was very small, and rather graceful in appearance, with faultless features and a profusion of wavy, light hair. Had there been but the smallest ray of divine fire to light up her face, even the least modicum of intellectual expression, she might have been called handsome, for her complexion was literally the blended rose and lily—but it was always the same. No flitting blush ever left the pallor of emotion there; no quick and transient glitter of the eye, or lifting of the brow, or contraction of the forehead gave a momentary relief to the quiet of her face. She knew enough to dress tolerably, to show an exquisite hand to the best advantage. She was aware that she was what shallow people called pretty—she had never known a want or a care in her life—she was a handsome nonentity, a piece of well carved furniture, valued at I know not what fabulous sum.

This passionless doll my uncle designed that Wilfred should marry. No wonder the poor fellow rebelled. It made me sick as I thought of it, and I arose to lead the way down stairs.

"Perhaps you are wearied with your journey," I said, pausing, "and would like to lounge awhile, and read by yourself."

"Dear me, no; I never read," she replied, "all books are stupid alike to me," so she followed me into the drawing-room down stairs. Wilfred was doing his very best to play the agreeable to Dick. All I could glean from the conversation of the latter, was "Got a good gun? Brought my gun, splendid fellow—no mistake—real buster; had it made on purpose. Lake used upwards of fifty dollars worth of silver on it. Lake makes capital guns; yours one of his? Prime, ain't they. Are you a good shot?"

"Oh! only tolerable," answered Will.

"I'm first rate!" returned Dick, stretching his thin legs till his stockings appeared below his fashionable nankeens, and pushing an immense gold chain into more immediate notice; "I'm first rate; our fellows consider me 'one of 'em,' in the way of gunning. Did *you* ever shoot a canvas-back, now?"

"I never did," replied Wilfred, looking at the boaster half contemptuously.

"Really, now! I did, a couple of brace; didn't I, Belle? Capital eating, too—fine eating." He yawned, and presently said, "Sure, it isn't Sunday about here?"

"I rather think not," replied Wilfred; "*my* calendar says Wednesday."

"Yes, but you're so deuced still about here; you might at least let a dog bark."

"I do," replied Wilfred, with such gravity that I had to turn aside to smile—"that is," he added, "when he wants to."

"Guess you haven't got many dogs about here; why don't you keep a hunter? you ought to keep a hunter."

"We don't like dogs or cats—or—puppies," replied Wilfred, quietly.

I was startled at the curl on his lip, and the emphasis with which he pronounced the last word. But Dick Lyons was too obtuse to take even a broader insinuation than that, and his sister's faculties were of the same stamp.

"Miss Myrtilla, permit me to say you really grow handsome—you do, really," said Dick, turning his large, meaningless eyes towards me. Upon my word you do grow handsome, now."

"Rather a questionable compliment," said Wilfred, reddening, while he arose and moved towards the door. "I've had a notion that my sister was always handsome."

"Ah, certainly, that's very true! so she was. But you know I mean she grows handsomer—you know what I mean."

He looked so excessively silly as he sat ogling me, that I felt disposed to leave the room, but rather pitying his ignorance than blaming his presumption, I took up a book near me and pretended to read. Dick, rising, sauntered towards the door, where Wilfred had taken his station. He was tall, very tall, and notwithstanding the efforts of a fashionable tailor, had a decidedly green-goslingly look. His face was long, his features were rather agreeable, but wan with dissipation; his hair was light and curly, his figure well-proportioned. Like his sister, had there been now and then one gleam of sense thrown across his physiognomy, he might have been called good-looking. As it was, his expression sometimes appeared almost idiotic, especially when in repose.

The afternoon wore away very slowly, and evening drew near. I had tried in vain to amuse the passive Belle, or engage her in conversation. Would she go to the Dell, one of the prettiest places in the village? No, she was too much fatigued, and disliked walking. Would she like to hear some guitar-music, or sing for us? No, she had never got beyond the scales in any music, and couldn't bear the guitar. Should Wilfred sing or read for her? She had rather hear him talk; and thus every proposition was objected to.

"Oh, dear!" I whispered to Wilfred, "what will Lilly and Harry think this evening! how insufferably dull it will be for them!"

"Look at this," said Will, in reply, and he handed me a note.

It was in my uncle's hand-writing, addressed to Mr. Harry Rathburn, stating that Mr. and Miss Lenox were engaged for that evening, and would be pleased if they would defer their visit. I gazed at him blankly, and he explained that, having met Jim, our little errand boy, with a message, he suspected something of the kind, demanded it, and sent the boy off in another direction, telling him that he would take care of the note.

"Insult number two," muttered Wilfred, while the paleness of passion spread again over his face. "I shall remember it—but they will come, nevertheless. Ha! won't he find himself outwitted?"

"What can he have against them?"

"I tell you, nothing but their poverty—yes, and their beauty, their superiority; he would rather see us dead than married to them."

"Oh, Wilfred! I fear uncle will insult *them*—that would be dreadful," I added; "they are coming now."

"He *dare* not," muttered my brother, defiantly, "he dare not."

We went out to meet them, as if nothing had happened. My uncle was in the room as we all entered together. If he was astonished, as he must have been, he governed himself admirably. Not a trace of emotion was visible in his face. Dick stared impertinently at my beautiful friend; Belle bowed languidly, and sank back farther on her seat, particularly fatigued with the effort.

Notwithstanding my dread, the evening passed off pleasantly enough, with the exception of the disagreeable presence. Wilfred carried seats out beyond the library, among the flowers, under the bright moonlight, and there, with sweet influences surrounding us, and the clear light of heaven falling over us, we sang, and chatted, all but Belle, who sat languidly silent, eyeing sweet Lilly with jealous glances, and Dick, who now paced uneasily back and forth, now threw himself at full length on the green sward. Whenever the latter addressed Harry, his manner was almost insolent. But Harry, my brave, calm Harry, pursued the even tenor of his conversation, apparently unannoyed.

IX.

Several weeks had passed away, and our close intimacy with the Rathburns was effectually broken off. We still visited them occasionally, but for their own sakes we did not ask or wish them to come to the old parsonage. It seemed unfeeling, too, it was so great a comfort and pleasure to dear Lilly to sit where her father had sat, and to recall the memory of her mother and her own early pleasant childhood. Dick had become my shadow. I could not hide how thoroughly I detested him, yet he persisted in following me and persecuting me almost hourly with his insufferable nonsense. He had formally proposed to my uncle for my hand, and obtained his full sanction, and the simpleton deemed *that* a sufficient basis upon which to ground his persecutions. In vain I laughed at him, snubbed him, treated him with haughty contempt, wept even at his stupid intolerance—he would take no heed, no hint.

Finally I locked myself in my chamber during the mornings, and occupied myself with my books and work, and the dear letters I received from Harry, who had returned to his studies. On one occasion, as I sat at my needle-work, a nervous rapping at the door told me what to expect, and opening it, in walked Wilfred, pale and much agitated.

"Well, sir," he said, stopping in the middle of the floor, "it has come at last. I've had another interview with that precious old uncle of ours, that came pretty near being a final one, I assure you."

"You would not harm the old man, Will," I said, for I thought his words conveyed a vague but terrible meaning.

"Not one gray hair of his head would I touch; what I mean is that I came near bidding you and the old house farewell forever. It must come to that. Before I would think of that witless Belle Lyons I would work on the deck of a ship before the mast, that I would. And he commands me to love her; as if my heart were merchandize to be disposed of at his bidding!"

"What did you tell him?"

"Tell him! merely that I did not, could not, and *would* not love her if she were worth billions instead of millions. And he sat there with that great lion-face unmoved—Jove! what a face, if he were what he should be! grand, majestic! But it was as cold, as gray as ice when the morning breaks over it. He said, slowly, that he had determined upon your marriage with that infernal Dick Lyons, and mine with that little milk-and-water-faced Belle, and there he left me."

"Let's both run off, Wilfred."

"But where? 'that's the question'—where to go? You know as little about useful work as a baby, and I—I could shoot myself for my idleness and apathy—I have not yet graduated, and cannot therefore make myself the position that I would. However, one thing we can do, we can plan—we can think. I am determined, Myrtilla Lenox, sister mine, that Lilly Rathburn shall be my wife if ever I marry."

I did not add, and Harry shall be my husband—no matter what I thought.

"How much longer will these witless people stay here, Will?"

"I mean to get them off this week if the thing is possible," he replied. "They are both tired as death of the place, but uncle persists in keeping them here. I am almost tempted to chronicle a case of small pox."

"No, Will, that would be wrong—unlike *you*. Let us wait as patiently as we can—God will help us."

My own hour of trial was at hand. A servant came soon after, bidding me appear before my uncle. I went down tremblingly, for I feared his strange moods, and he had never taught me to love him, though I am sure I was grateful for his kindness. He sat in the library where Wilfred had met him, and his face wore that iron-look so ominous in him.

Dick was just leaving—he, too, had held an interview with Uncle Wolfe. Belle, I suspected, was in the chamber, nodding and crocheting.

"I shall not waste time in preliminaries or explanations," my uncle said, looking away from my pale face. "You are old enough to be married. I wish you to marry. Young Lyons has asked me for your hand. Of course I told him yes. You could not get a wealthier or more devoted husband. I gave him my consent—what is your answer?"

"Tell him I was never born to marry a rich fool," rose to my lips, but I suppressed it and said, as calmly as I could, "that if he pleased, I did not wish to marry yet—that I was well contented to remain as I was at present, and that I never, *never* could marry Dick Lyons, though he were a thousand times richer than he was."

"But, *I wish* you to marry him," my uncle replied, sternly—"it is not only my wish, but my *command* that you marry him. Are you foolish or crazy to refuse such an offer?"

"Neither, Uncle Wolfe; nor am I a chattel to be disposed of at *any* man's pleasure. I do not love Dick Lyons—nay, I thoroughly despise him. I will *not* marry him! I would die first."

Then my uncle lifted himself from his seat, trembling with passion, and such a torrent of denunciation fell from him as I had never dreamed lips of man could utter. He denounced Wilfred and myself as ungrateful wretches, whom he had rescued from poverty to be a curse to him. He declared that, as God made him, he would not do another good deed for us; that we might go and be beggars, and marry beggars, and die beggars. He denounced Lilly and her brother with the most frightful imprecations, and said he had seen from the beginning how the artful minx and the canting rascal were worming themselves into our affections, but that if we married into that family, Wilfred and myself, it would be on peril of receiving his curse. Wilfred was an obstinate jackass, and I a headstrong, determined fool. Both of us should leave his house instanter. He would see Wilfred once more and give him his chance, then he might pack and go, and never henceforth be as a son or a relative to him. Then he called upon God to know why he was cursed with two such wards, and ended with a torrent of reproaches towards myself.

I do not know what impelled me to say it, as I stood there motionless, the blood surging back to my heart, leaving my face cold, like marble, but I exclaimed,

"Uncle! there was once a murder committed here, directly over the spot where you stand. Beware how you curse the orphan, or vengeance may make your house a scene of violence and blood yet again."

He turned white as ashes. His eyes were directed to the door. Somebody passed just then—I thought it was Wilfred, and moved back to call him, that we might receive our malediction for the last time, and together—then go forth forever from this hateful roof—where, I knew not, nor cared. But when I had reached the hall, he was not to be seen, and I ran from the library without looking again towards my uncle, and gaining my own room, flung myself upon the bed, quivering from head to foot with resentment, insulted feeling, and the anguish none but an orphan can know.

Little did I dream as Wilfred came in a moment after, still pale and excited, that his face would haunt me till my brain burned with almost the fires of madness. I threw myself into his arms and wept upon his bosom. So we tried to comfort each other.

"We will go to-day, Tilla, this very day, if you can get ready. I have engaged a boarding-house for you, and a friend of mine with whom I have been in correspondence the past week, has offered me the situation of supercargo in a clipper ship. She sails in a few days, and I am to go to the city to-morrow. Meanwhile you are to remain in the village at the house where Lilly is; *our* Lilly. I have seen her, and the good woman whose adopted child she is, has kindly consented. I am sure I can make at least a competence for both. Now I am going to Uncle Wolfe, and I will leave you to pack up. I expect the old gentleman will be obstreperous, but I think I can silence him. Thank God that I have command of my temper, or I could not bear his insults, never! Now, a kiss—keep up a good heart; we are *right*, and Heaven will smile upon us."

X.

I can with difficulty command my nerves even now, to continue my story.

An hour passed after Wilfred had left me, and I had occasion to go down stairs. As I neared the last step, I heard voices in loud altercation, and I knew that my uncle was storming at Wilfred. The voice that replied to him was fearfully deep, and uttered words of blasphemy. Never before had I heard an oath proceed from my brother's lips. My heart sank like lead, and my strength deserted me. I sat down on the stair and tried to listen. The voice of my uncle was thick with passion, and I heard the words, "villain! whelp! gallows-bird!" Then followed a cry that congealed my blood, that rings in my ears even now. Shrieking, I sprang down the stair, threw open the door—and encountered—oh! shall I ever forget the horror of that moment? the pale face of Wilfred—pale to ghastliness—convulsed, distorted. One glance—one bound outward—and he was gone. There lay my uncle in the death-agony. The knife that had drunk his heart's blood lying beside him—his eyes glaring—his frame quivering. I was dumb. My veins seemed congealed. I mechanically picked the frightful instrument from the floor, and stood in a stupor, gazing, as if I saw not, while the dying man, with his last breath, murmured one word—"Wilfred!" strove to shake his shaggy head, and expired.

I could not move. There was a strange confusion in my brain. I remember I laughed, then shouted—the rest of my time in that fated house is all a blank.

One morning I seemed to wake from a dull sleep. There was a throbbing heat in my temples. My vision appeared to be contracted, or was the cheerful light of heaven shut out? Four narrow walls encompassed me. My bed was hard and uncomfortable. I did not know myself, and lay for some moments, thinking I must be in a dream.

Then lifting myself upon one elbow, I gazed about me. Where was I? A window let in faint light far up in the wall. It was deeply sunken in the hard granite, and interlaced with bars of iron. Why were these walls so rough, and gray, and dreary? Why stood a porringer upon the stone floor with that piece of coarse bread beside it? Why was my bed so narrow, its material iron?

Suddenly came before me the vision of that last, awful scene, and sinking back I cried out in my anguish, "Oh, Wilfred! oh! my brother, my brother!"

Scarcely had the words escaped my lips, when I heard a key turn heavily. In another moment, Wilfred, haggard and white, stood beside me, and we were weeping in each other's arms.

"What has happened? have I been ill?" I asked, when I could command my voice.

"A horrible illness, my poor sister. You have moved, and spoken, slept and waked, but there was no coherence, no life of soul or intellect. Oh! Myrtilla, what does it mean? Clear yourself, my sister! You did not—you could not do the deed of which they accuse you!"

I pushed him wildly from me, at arms length. I looked at him stendily. Had I not seen *him* that day, fly past me, with that expression of woe upon his face that had not even yet left it? Did not his strained eyes rest full on mine? Was not his face white, remorseful, agonized? I hid my eyes that were burning as with fire, and turned my face from him in shuddering despair.

Would I accuse him? Never! never! I would die for him, as I had often said I could. I would go to my grave with the stain of a fiendish crime upon my memory. I would not give my brother up to justice. But would *he* accept this sacrifice? Did he love himself and life so well that he could see me suffer from day to day in silence, in wasting, agonizing illness, me, a weak woman? How could he cry, in that voice of feigned anguish, "My sister! my sister! clear yourself?" when he knew I *could not* without affixing upon him the seal of murder. Oh! the maddening thoughts that chased each other through my brain! that sent the dry and heavy sobs up from my suffocating chest!

"Tell me, my darling, my sister, tell me what it meant—the knife found in your hand—his dead, stiff hand clutching your dress. The words you had been heard to speak that morning—words of vengeance and of blood. For the sake of heaven, my sister, tell all, and clear yourself."

"Can this be Wilfred?" I thought. I looked at him—the hypocrite with the pale face and hollow eyes, *could not* be my brother—my noble, generous, forbearing, innocent brother! With a great cry I fell within his arms again, for I had done him wrong in my thought. He said, as he kissed me, "God knows I would that I were in your stead, poor sufferer!"

Then I drew back again with a cold repulsion in my heart. My love, great, self-renouncing as it was, chilled at this double guilt—these God-deceiving words that went out from his tongue; and again I hid my head and moaned.

Oh, how I longed to die!—words cannot express that longing. Wilfred arose and walked the narrow space; heavy sighs escaped his bosom. I stole one shuddering glance at him. He had grown thin to emaciation. His hair hung long and undressed over his shoulders, his beard was neglected—his cheek and eye hollow. My love all came back again.

"It was a sudden, sharp temptation," I said to myself—"it was, perhaps, a delirium, and he has forgotten—no! no! that were impossible; he cannot nerve himself to say he did the deed; my poor, weak brother. And better that he did not—only the falsehood! the acted lie before God! Blood and deception on his poor soul—oh! wo! wo!

But I will never say it was he—I resolved my tongue should perish first. I will not give my brother over to death. I am fitter to die than he—I *will* die for him. God will forgive me. I need tell no falsehood; I will not open my lips. Before my questioners I will be dumb. God help me! God give me strength.

"Lilly is here," Wilfred said, gently, coming towards me, and he saw that I shrank from him. "Don't shrink from me," he said, with well-dissembled sadness. "Even were I certain that you committed the dreadful deed (and I cannot, I *will* not believe it,) I would love you none the less—love you stronger, with a more deathless love;" he stooped to kiss me. I know not what my eyes said when he arose, but he started and turned quickly away, almost staggering as he went out.

Lilly came in. She had apparently schooled herself to composure, but her eyes were heavy and dim, as with much weeping. To keep from tears as she talked to me after she had embraced me, made her use such strong effort that her words seemed cold; and my heart sank at the thought that she, too, believed me guilty. But after a while, unable to control her feelings longer, she hung upon my bosom, entreated, prayed, besought me with wild sobs to clear myself, using the same arguments that my brother had employed. "For Wilfred's sake, dear, dear Myrtilla—for your brother's sake—for *my* brother's sake," she added, with strong emphasis.

Now the cruel trial came. It had not occurred to me, in my strange brain-sickness, that Harry would know, or hear, or think of my apparent guilt. To realize this, was torture beyond all the rest. It almost made me shriek as I wrung my hands, while the awful conviction flashed upon me. For Harry and I were engaged. I was to have been his wedded wife, and here, through no fault of my own, I was all but branded murderer, and lodged in a jail. Lilly gazed on my anguish like one stupified. She could not understand it. Perhaps it seemed to her the paroxysms of guilt. Harry! my love! my idol! my promised husband? *Must* he look upon me, think of me as a criminal—the shedder of blood?

"Go, Lilly—go out now. Tell them to let no one come in. Do not look so frightened. Come here, dear Lilly, I'll tell you what I want—I want to pray! I want to pour out my whole soul before God. I am very wretched, Lilly, and you are too kind, coming to this dreadful place, but I am dying with anguish; my brain is burdened; my heart is sore. Leave me alone with God."

She lingered still.

"You will let us send you in some nourishment," she said, at last; "they have forbidden everything but bread and water before now, for fear of brain-fever."

"No, dear, nothing, till I ask for it. Pray for me—you *will* pray for me, Lilly; you cannot, cannot dream how much I suffer," and I caught her hands, clasping them together in mine.

She burst into tears, promised that she would, and said sobbingly as she bent over me," I know you are wholly innocent of this charge; I know you are."

XI.

I was more quiet.

Hours had passed and no one had disturbed my privacy. Grown calmer with the opportunity of thought, I had nerved myself to meet what seemed an inevitable fate. I had hoped in the blindness of my first grief, that God would strengthen me, and I believed He had answered my prayer. I arose from my rough bed, disposed my damp hair about my temples, bathed my face, adjusted my dress, and was awaiting with seeming composure whatever trial might come next. Neither was I surprised when the door opened and Lilly looked in, then nodded to some one on the other side.

Mehitable's great bonnet, and the curl, single like herself, fluttered into the dark, dismal cell. The poor little woman did make a desperate effort to assure me by her actions that she had no idea, not even the most distant, that she was in a jail or a cell. She was apparently entirely oblivious to the fact that there were iron bars over the window, or that my narrow quarters were not as bright and respectable as the library at the old parsonage. In her hand she bore a small, shining tin kettle, at the top of which was placed a covered dish. The smell of the viands within, created an instantaneous appetite; they told me I had scarcely eaten enough to keep a bird alive, for a week.

"There now; see if I haven't brought you a nice tea-cloth," she said, winking her eyes desperately to keep the tears from falling, as she drew from her pocket a large, linen napkin, and covered over a small bench that had been placed in my cell.

"And see if I haven't brought you the nicest chicken-broth you can think," she continued, placing the kettle down, and slipping a silver spoon into my hand. "I made it myself, every morsel and drop of it with my own two hands, for jest very you, and if you don't eat it, I shall feel very slighted, indeed I shall. I'm sure it's dretful to see you, such a shadder—I mean—I mean you're as blooming as if you wasn't in—that is, your poor, dear brother—no, I mean your uncle that's dead and gone—oh! dear, can't somebody stop me?"

And her look of comical distress made me smile, suffering though I was. I gratified the good little soul, however, by eating some of the soup, and tasting the delicate pastry that she had prepared, while she sat by with hands and mouth going, as if she were partaking of an imaginary dinner with me.

"There! now you'll feel comfortable and better able to see the young man, Mr. Harry, who's been waiting here a good half hour. There! now you're turned pale again—no, I mean your growing rosy. *Have* I said anything to hurt her, Miss Lilly?"

"No, Mehitable, don't fear that you can hurt me, whatever you say," I replied faintly. It was the thought of seeing Harry, that nearly overcame me.

"Well," she burst forth, letting out her suppressed feeling all at once, "there ain't a living soul believes it!—not a living soul! if that'll comfort you," she sobbed, and dropping her face on her apron she cried piteously. Lilly was in tears. I could hardly bear the shock of her wild grief.

"We had better go, Miss Mehitable," said Lilly, softly.

"No I won't budge, not if I can do her any good; I won't budge an inch; I jest wont, there! I'll stick to her till the very last—that is saying there *should* be a last to it," she sobbed again.

"But there are others wishing to come in," said Lilly, with more resolution; "you forget Harry is waiting."

"Yes, I forgits everything, this one weak," said the good creature, wiping her eyes, "but jest her trouble, that's a fact. And I don't believe it, and I won't believe it, so that's jest as true as gospil. You keep up a good heart, you

post, dear you," she continued, addressing me, "and the good Lord'll clear you, surely;" and with many a sob, many a clasping of the hand, she took her leave.

Lilly whispering that Harry was coming, went with her.

And Harry did come. Strange to say I was very calm. He looked if anything sadder than Wilfred, more grief-stricken.

"Oh! what a meeting!" I whispered; and then for the first time I wept freely; wept leaning my head on his shoulder.

"You will tell us all about it; you will tell us all you remember, will you not, my darling?"

It was hard to resist those tender tones, those pleading words, but my brother's life was at stake, and I was firm.

"I have nothing to say," was my invariable reply—oh, the wretchedness that followed!

Wilfred, Lilly and Harry came daily to see me. The lawyer whom Wilfred employed considered me insane; so I judged from the questions he put. He could, however, elicit no thing from me—not a word. I was obstinately silent, and so the day I dreaded drew near.

With senses awfully acute I went to the court house. I believe I felt no shame, no dread, no grief. I was past all emotion. The brother-in-law of my Uncle Wolfe Laurie was counsel for the prosecution. I gazed at him as he stood there arraying his witnesses, and I could not forbear the thought, "you have done many a hard, cruel deed through your long life, and now you are, though ignorantly, to fix the stigma of a dreadful crime upon an innocent girl." Then I tried to reason how far his moral obligations were concerned in the act.

All the first and second day I listened in an apathetic way to the examination as it progressed—listened to proof after proof of my insanity; even poor little Mehitable Merrymouth, drowned in tears, testified to some "queerities" that in her mind went to establish the fact that my brain was unsound, and I, in that awful moment, smiled quietly to myself as I listened and marvelled at her credulity—at the credulity of the lawyer—yet I could not wonder that they thought me crazy.

It went against me that Dick Lyons testified to my hasty, angry words that seemed a threat, on the last interview between my uncle and myself.

The second day and the third passed. The lawyers were driven to their wit's ends, and at length there seemed nothing to be done but to fix the guilt unequivocally upon me, though in consideration of some of the testimony they leaned to the side of mercy.

The fourth day I was sick and exhausted, and entered the court room with feelings that it is impossible to describe. It was expected that the trial would be concluded at an early hour, therefore they had placed another prisoner at the bar, but I noticed nothing except that a man sat near me in a half-stooping posture, who neither turned nor moved as I entered. Wilfred seemed almost on the verge of despair.

Alas! I thought those hollow eyes, that uneasy motion, that strangely imploring, beseeching glance cast over and anon towards me, were indications of guilt, of remorse, and God only knows how bitter was the portion that it seemed my lot to drink. After a moment of confusion, I heard an officer speak to the man near me, who wore a dark slouched hat. He told him roughly to remove his head-covering. The prisoner hesitated, and the constable on duty knocked it off with the staff of office which he held in his hand.

This rude act roused me from the stupor into which I felt myself relapsing. Great heaven! as I looked up, the man's eye met mine. That face! that same ghastliness—the same eyes, the same brow, the same curling locks of my brother Wilfred! I knew him now. I sprang to my feet. I pointed towards him shrieking at the top of my voice—"The murderer of my uncle—the murderer of my uncle!" and then I fainted, but not before I heard the cry of a strong man in agony—not before I felt the arms of my dear, my only brother around me, and saw Lilly's tearful, wondering face close to mine.

I did not find myself in the cell of a jail when I again awoke to consciousness, but in a familiar room where the white walls were hung with pictures, and the bed was draped with curtains of soft muslin. I was, or seemed to be alone, and a delightfully languid sensation of rest pervaded every part of my frame. I was yet too weak to review the past with any decided sensation of horror; indeed, I turned my eyes resolutely from the picture that had made the last impression upon my sight. Through an open window near me I could hear the birds sing; I could smell the perfume of sweet flowers, hear the drowsy hum of bees, and at last a sweet, soft voice carolling a low tune somewhere in my vicinity. I lay and watched and waited, now shutting my eyes in the delicious quiet, now gazing dreamily upon the few paintings that came within the range of my vision. Finally, my sense of hearing had become so acute, I distinguished the movement of a needle in and out of some fine work; then a little sigh, soft almost as a zephyr, then the folding of a garment, and then I heard a loud, glad cry. Lilly stood over me, both hands clasping back my hair—the gentle lips imprinted a kiss upon my forehead.

Oh! what a great bound of joy my pulses gave.

"No talking," she said, sportively holding up her finger.

"But may I not ask about Wilfred?"

"I'll tell you all about everybody," she said, bringing a chair noiselessly up to my bedside, and laying her folded work upon the white counterpane. "Wilfred is well—much better, at least than he has been—for the excitement made you both sick."

"Is that Mehitable?" I asked, as the door opened and a quick, agile tread sounded near, and then at a sign seemed to vanish.

"Yes, she has been here all through your illness," replied Lilly, "but waiting principally upon your brother. Dear little soul! I don't know what we should have done without her. She is as happy as a queen, if she can only be near you. To-morrow you shall see and talk with her, but do not speak a word now, you are too weak. After some sleep, and some nourishment, you shall be at liberty to do as you please, provided I allow it," she added, smilingly.

That evening, Wilfred came into my room. He stood by my side; he held me in his arms. For a moment the old terror came over me.

"It was not you—not you then, thank God!" I cried, and then pressing me to his quick throbbing heart, he heard my story—all—how I felt that he had stained his hands with blood, had deceived me, and that I had determined to die in his stead. He listened, weeping like a child. He had divined it at the moment that I pointed out the real criminal.

"It is all over," at last he said; "think of it no more. It was a brief but terrible dream. Poor Uncle Wolfe! he lies in the little chapel-yard, near the old parsonage."

"And that wicked cousin, who looks so much like you?"

"Alas! poor wretch! he too is gone. It seems he had forged a check for twenty thousand dollars in our uncle's name, and was of course in his power. What that last interview was—no one knows."

"I heard something; it was terrible. Uncle Wolfe's denunciations were awful. They chilled my blood to my heart; and when I thought *you* were with him—"

"There! that will do; you must not think about it; control yourself, my own dear sister, or they will not let me stay with you. Now you are calm, I will tell you that our poor uncle left his will unaltered—in our favor."

"And our cousin is dead?"

"Yes, he confessed the deed, said that he dressed himself exactly as I did, so that were he to commit an act of violence, and to be seen by any one who knew me, the murder would be fixed upon me. He said he did not seek the interview with Uncle Wolfe for the *purpose* of killing him, but thinking that he might be provoked to the commission of the fatal act, he carried his hunting-knife, prepared for the worst. For twelve days previous to the murder, he had been prowling about the house, penniless, desperate; and to cap the climax of this revolting confession, he swallowed poison in the court house, in the presence of his own father.

"But Wilfred, I tremble to think how very much he looked like you. Do you wonder, taking in view the preceding circumstances, that I thought you were guilty?"

"Most assuredly not, my dear sister; and but for his confession, it might still have gone hard with me. If he had not at your accusation lost his self-command—not been thrown off his guard, I know not what might have been the result. His mother and ours were twin-sisters, you know; that accounts for the almost exact resemblance. You had never seen him, or you would not have been so readily deceived."

I was a long while getting up from that illness, though better nurses than dear Lilly, and Mehitable, the generous little old soul, no one *could* have. To this day I believe I have never recovered my natural elasticity.

Young as I am, not yet thirty—there are silver hairs mixed with my brown curls; but Harry blesses them with a kiss, and says they are beautiful to him. My dear, noble husband!

Lilly and Wilfred live next door. They have three sweet children. I have no babes, but God knows what is best for us.

Dick Lyons is married. What will not gold do? His wife is handsome, agreeable and cultivated. Belle still is, and probably doomed to be, single.

☞ A literary gentleman, well known for his amazing fund of every intellectual faculty except humor, wit, learning, imagination, fancy, or reasoning power, was introduced the other day to an artist of our acquaintance, and, after the usual compliments, addressed him as follows: "Hum. Art's a—hah—nice thing, sir; very."

> Happy those early days, when I
> Shined in mine angel infancy!
> Oh! how I long to travel back,
> And tread again that ancient track.
> Before I taught my tongue to wound
> My conscience with a sinful sound;
> Or had the black art to dispense
> A several sin to every sense.
> —*Henry Vaughan.*

☞ Jerrold went to a party at which a Mr. Pepper had assembled all his friends. Jerrold said to his host, on entering the room, "My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends *mustered!*"

☞ No one sees the wallet on his own back, though every one carries two packs, one before, stuffed with the faults of his neighbors; the other behind, filled with his own.—*Old Proverb.*

☞ The moment the imagination alone is taken for a guide, and is allowed to solve questions left undecided by researches, investigation ceases, truth remains unascertained, and there is not only this negative evil, but in error we create a monster, envious, malignant and obstinate, which, when at length truth endeavors to make its way, crosses its path, combats, and strives to annihilate it.

☞ A fat man enters the following grievance: "I am a fat man, and require room. I had to travel by diligence from Macon, in France. I sent the rascally garcon from the hotel, to book two places for me, and paid for them. When I came to the office to take my place, I found they had booked one seat inside and one out."

☞ Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. However, they that will not be counseled, cannot be helped, and if you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.—*Franklin.*

☞ Sir Thomas Coxe finds nothing to abuse, except his wife's crinoline and Mrs. Longbow Miles's hoop. "If they have no other advantage," sneered Lady Coxe, "they keep the men at a proper distance; and that's a great blessing." "To the men," growled Sir Thomas. —*A Lover's Quarrel.*

☞ A cat, even if she be friendly, never approaches thee by a direct course. No more does the truth, oh, friend; but winding around thy stupidities, and rubbing up against thy prejudices, it reaches thee gently, and then, perhaps, scratches.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year, in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union, without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any enterprise Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"Oh, the Spirit's Deathless Yearning;" "All is not Dark;" "Farewell;" "To the Memory of W. H. H.;" "To an Absent One;" "The Widow's Lullaby."

MAGNET.—The publishers of the "Spiritual Telegraph," New York City, can give you the information.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER is assured that we will take his suggestions into consideration.

A SUBSCRIBER wants a remedy for the long, thin green worm that destroys rose-bushes. Has he used the ordinary remedies—tobacco water, etc.? Perhaps some of our readers will oblige him with a receipt to the purpose.

We have received from Mr. P. Waldo, a different answer, (claiming to be the correct one,) to the Mathematical Question in our number of June 5th. His answer is: The field was reaped in 10 days; the three men can reap it in 1 3-5 days; A can reap it in 18 days. B in 36—C in 6.

SKIES BRIGHT.

Several weeks ago, in referring to the difficulty with England that seemed to be apprehended, on account of the indiscreet actions of certain British naval officers off the coast of Cuba, we called attention to the Christian injunction of being "slow to wrath," as good policy as well as sound religious precept. The facts in the present case, it seems to us, have demonstrated, in some degree, the soundness of the precept in question. In the first place, it soon appeared that the British cruisers were acting under no new orders, but under old ones of several years' standing; and that the British Admiral on the North American station, on becoming aware of the offensive light in which said visits were regarded by the American marine, had dispatched instructions that they should be immediately discontinued. And it now appears that the British Ministry have not the least disposition to persist in any course of conduct which may prove offensive to the United States; but are desirous, on the contrary, of drawing still closer the cords of amity and good feeling between the two great nations which speak the heroic and manly English tongue.

At the time we write this, the exact nature of the ground taken by the English Ministry is not plainly apparent. Neither does it matter, so far as our peaceable relations with them are concerned, what the exact character of their position is. Sufficient is known to enable us to say, that either the practice of Visitation is hereafter only to be exercised as a police officer arrests a suspected criminal under the responsibility of the party making the visitation or arrest; or else, that while the Right is still theoretically held to exist, all practice under it, so far as vessels bearing the American flag are concerned, is to be entirely intermitted.

We say that it makes but little difference, so far as our peaceable relations are concerned, which of these positions is taken by the English ministry. For, as to the latter, it is not the holding of an objectionable theory, but the practical application of it, so far as our vessels, or vessels bearing the American flag, are concerned, which is a cause of offence to our people and government.

Relative to the first of the two grounds we have mentioned, it is embodied in a recent letter written by Mr. Cass to Lord Napier.

A merchant vessel upon the high seas is protected by her national character. He who forcibly enters her, does so upon his own responsibility. *Undoubtedly if a vessel assume a national character to which she is not entitled, and is sailing under false colors, she cannot be protected by this assumption of a nationality to which she has no claim.* As the identity of a person must be determined by the officer bearing a process for his arrest, and determined at the risk of such officer, so must the national identity of a vessel be determined at a like hazard to him who, doubting the flag she displays, searches her to ascertain her true character.

There no doubt may be circumstances which would go far to modify the complaints a nation would have a right to make for such a violation of its sovereignty. *If the boarding officer had just grounds of suspicion, and deported himself with propriety in the performance of his task, doing no injury and peaceably retiring when satisfied of his error, no nation would make such an act the subject of serious reclamation.* It is one thing to do a deed avowedly illegal and excuse it by the attending circumstances, and it is another and quite a different thing to claim a right of action, and the right also of determining when and how, and to what extent, it shall be exercised.

Looking at the subject from that practical point of view which is so eminently the characteristic of the English mind, the English Ministry may have concluded to take Mr. Cass at his word. They certainly cannot attach that importance to the Right of Visitation, considered as an abstract right, which would warrant their insisting upon it at the cost of an unpleasant and impolitic rupture with the United States; especially when it is admitted that the same custom of visitation in suspicious cases, may prevail, at the responsibility of the party making the visit—no "serious reclamation" to be urged by the nation whose vessel is visited, in cases where the boarding officer had "just grounds of suspicion, and had deported himself with propriety."

Whatever the British Ministry may theoretically hold as to the "Right of Visitation," it would be the height of madness for them to persist in its exercise so far as American ships are concerned, in the face of the serious view of the matter taken by our Government and people. A given view and course of action may even be abstractly right, and yet it may be the height of unreason and folly to attempt to carry them out under certain circumstances. In this case, would it be wise for England to insist upon the Right of Visitation—even granting that she were fully persuaded of its justice—at the cost of seriously offending the United States? It would be, as Franklin said, decidedly "paying too dear for her whistle." Her statesmen, therefore, in acting as they have done, have shown a "discretion which is the better part of valor." Your neighbor may disagree with you upon one point—and you may regard him as decidedly wrong in the matter—but if he thinks the said point a vital one to him, and you admit it is not a vital one to you, the part of wisdom is to gracefully yield it in his case. Upon any other principle of action, a man or nation would be in hot water all the time.

We trust, therefore, that we may consider these vexed questions of the Right of Search, and the Right of Visitation, in time of peace, settled so far as Great Britain and the United States are concerned. And we consider them well settled. So far as a proper police of the ocean and the repression of piracy are concerned, the American doctrine, as laid down in numerous Senatorial speeches, and officially proclaimed by Mr. Cass, is all sufficient. It places the ship-of-war at sea exactly on a par with the constable on land—either may overhaul and make arrests of suspicious characters, at their own peril of a demand for damages, if the parties visited or arrested should prove to be innocent, and the circumstances not such as to excuse the visitation or arrest.

There remains still for settlement, the question of the Right of Search in time of war—a Right claimed by hostile nations to be exercised upon the vessels of neutral powers, in order to ascertain whether they are preserving their neutral character, or are conveying articles to the enemy which are "contraband of war." The existence of this Right of Search, *in time of war*, was, we believe, admitted by all the speakers in the recent debate in the Senate, as it was by the resolutions of the Committee of Foreign Affairs. It is curious how men differ—for this Right of Search, which it was thus admitted might be properly exercised by warring nations over the vessels of neutral powers—seems to us a far more obnoxious and objectionable thing than the Right of Visitation, which has been so vehemently denied. The Right of Search in time of war, it seems to us, should be restricted within the narrowest possible limits—the neutral flag, as a general rule, should cover and effectually shield the cargo. But though it would be for the better that this matter should be discussed and settled during a time of peace, it is not probable that much attention can be drawn to it, until circumstances force upon our government the necessity of insisting upon the right of neutral nations, even in time of war, to an unmolested and unharrassed commerce.

☞ PROUDHON, the French Socialist, has been tried for the doctrines put forth in his late book, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment and a fine of 4,000 francs. The editor of the book, Garnier, is also condemned to a month's imprisonment and 1,000 francs fine. It would almost seem that Proudhon was allowed to publish the work, only that an excuse might be found for his punishment. The book itself is bad enough; he declares his system to be "to eliminate God out of the universe, as useless." Our Saviour is designated "the putative son of God," and the Church comes in for no small share of his *regards*. It is only fair to say, however, that the extract we recently quoted in praise of Satan, is susceptible of another meaning. He had been speaking of Liberty as the Satan of the Church—and then adjures Satan in the language quoted. License, not Liberty, however, one would think might be personified in Satan.

TENDENCIES.—A few years ago the tendency towards ultra democracy, was very strong in all parties in this country. The great panacea for political evils was to make all officers elective by the people, to shorten their terms, and to divide their responsibility as much as possible. Now there seems to be a very decided tendency setting in towards the opposite quarter. Thus the *New Orleans Bulletin* pronounces universal suffrage in our large cities to be a failure; while the *Boston Advertiser* urges the abolition of the Councils of that city, as mere nests of jobbing and corruption, and the placing of the government in the hands of the Mayor, aided by a financial and a legal adviser. These are signs of the times which it is our business as a chronicler to note, without expressing at present any opinion upon them.

CURIOUS CALCULATION.—The following, from the "*Royal Gazette*," has been handed to us by a gentleman who says he has tested the figures, and that they are correct:—

If 1 pin was dropped in the hold of the Leviathan the first week, 2 the next, and 4 the next, 8 the next and so on doubling the number each time for a year (52 weeks), the number of pins deposited would be 4,503,599,627,370,495; the weight of them (allowing 200 pins to the ounce) would be 628,292,358 tons; and the number of Leviathans, of the tonnage of 22,500 tons each, required to carry them, would be 27,924.

CHARLES DICKENS.—We published in the larger portion of our edition last week, a card from Mr. Dickens, denying point blank the rumors recently promulgated in relation to him and Mrs. Dickens, further than that there had been "domestic difficulties of long standing." We see it stated that the parties have separated, Mrs. Dickens being allowed a maintenance of $2,000 a year. Granting that all be false save this one fact of a separation, it is a very sad affair.

COLONIZATION OF PALESTINE.

We have received a circular from "Barnet Matthias, Agent, No. 82 Nassau street, New York," proposing a plan for a Christian Colonization of Palestine. The object is to follow in the footsteps of the late Mrs. Miner, of this city, who, with some six or seven others, went to Palestine about ten years ago, and instituted "The American Agricultural School."

The object of the "School" in question was to encourage the Jews to engage in agricultural pursuits—an employment for which they seem to have, as a people, a singular but deeply rooted aversion.

The object now proposed is to raise $40,000 by a stock fund of 200 shares of $200 each, to charter a vessel, and send one hundred volunteers to found a Christian Colony in the Hebrew land of promise. The following inducements are mentioned:—

1st. The purest and best *climate in the world.*

2d. The richest soil, the best and most abundant fruits of almost every variety. Grapes, wine, oil and grain, becoming articles of profitable trade.

3d. A little labor and large reward. It is stated in the report of the Scientific and Geographical Society of New York, that a man with three acres of Olives, may go into retiracy. Cattle, sheep, horses and camels easily obtained at fair prices.

4th. Land plenty and cheap, but rising in value.

5th. Government tolerant, and anxious to secure the benefit of industrious enterprising Europeans and Americans. It guarantees perfect liberty in Religion, and offers land in fee, free of taxes 12 years. An article from the European Times will be found interesting in this place.

"A NEW FIELD FOR EMIGRATION.—The Turkish Government has put forth a proposition which is exciting some attention in Western Europe. Hitherto, the stream of emigration from these islands has been chiefly directed to the United States, Canada and Australia, but the Sultan has at length become a candidate for our superfluous population, and is anxious to attract Christians to his dominions. We are told in a letter from Constantinople, that a country of about 30,000 geographical square miles, comprising some of the finest and most fertile spots on the globe—with about 3,500 English miles of coast, and 6 seas—the Mediterranean, Adriatic, Archipelago, Black and Red Seas, and the Persian Gulf—for outlets, is thrown open to emigration, and offers grants of land to those who should be inclined to come to the East. From their departure, the Turkish Government promises to take charge of the colonists. Even before their arrival in their adopted country, plots of land will be assigned to each colonist, according to his means and capital, which must amount to a minimum of £45. They will have every facility for transporting their goods and chattels there. They are exempt from taxation for 6 years, if settled in Europe, and 12, if in Asia. The free exercise of their religion is assured them."

6th. A newly appointed Consul and Vice Consul now on the way to the same locality.

7th, and last, but not the least inducement. God has promised to superintend the rising glory of that land. A country having suffered outlaw the whole period of its proscription, and now taken into favor, to be the object of Divine care and everlasting kindness, must be a most desirable country to dwell in; surely no country could have a better patron or better security for defence and prosperity. These assurances are abundant, and distinctly expressed.

Take the following:—"Say unto her thy warfare is accomplished. Arise! shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

"Behold the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall rise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee. The same blessed patron declares 'That He will give Jerusalem great prosperity, even gold for brass, silver for iron, and iron for wood,' &c. And a defence from enemies.—Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise. No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper. Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Thy children shall make haste; thy destroyers and they that made thee waste, shall go forth of thee. They that swallowed thee up, shall be *far away.*"

The foregoing quotations are a few texts from a single prophet; all the others speak after the same manner. So every word shall be established.

This enterprise is founded in *fact*, and everything in purpose is practical. The land is there waiting for occupants, and the most luxurious and fertile. "Bayard Taylor says, he rode for miles through fields of wheat and barley, and that the olive and fig tree gain a size and lusty strength wholly unknown in Italy, and the oil the best in the Levant, which if well manufactured, would crowd all others out of market. Give this land into Christian hands, and it will again flow with milk and honey."

We confess that we look upon these movements at the present day towards Palestine with considerable interest. Is it unreasonable to suppose that the day draweth nigh when Jerusalem shall arise from the dust, and the descendants of Abraham return from their long dispersion to unite again as one nation? And may not these projects of *Christian* colonies in Palestine, if they meet with tolerable success, have an effect to stir up the Jewish mind to a still stronger interest than it feels at present in the prospect of a final gathering of their tribes in the ancient home of the race? Even now the beautiful and fertile garden of Solomon is in the possession of a Christian Englishman, who is making a fortune, it is said, out of an improved culture of his celebrated domain.

Success, therefore, say we, to the Christian colonization of Palestine. Perhaps, after all, the prophecies do not refer so much to the children of Israel after the flesh, as to the children of Israel after the spirit. If the former will not go in and possess the land, let the latter see if they cannot reap the reward. Paul, when the synagogue would not hear him, declared he would turn to the gentiles, and it may be not entirely otherwise in the present case. If the called servant will not do the work in the appointed season, why the uncalled may step in with a fair prospect of receiving the promised wages. If Hebrew Solomon and Levi, with their overflowing coffers, will not go forward, let poor Christian William and Edward go in and possess the land, and make Jerusalem and Palestine to "blossom like the rose." It will not be the first time that the wild olive plant, grafted into the original tree, has obtained precedence over the tree itself.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 186—Adults 80, and children 106.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS, for July. Jansen & Co., New York.

A SENSIBLE STATESMAN.—A telegraphic dispatch from Washington, to the Associated Press, says:—

Mr. Dallas, in the course of his despatch dated the 8th of June, alluded to a conversation he had had with Lord Malmesbury, to whom (following the spirit of his instructions) he refused to make any concessions whatever in relation to visit or search; and he was here about to end his letter and close the report of the unfavorable issue of the interview, when he was agreeably surprised with a sudden change of affairs. Lord Malmesbury himself, at the request of Mr. Dallas, wrote the minutes of another conversation, in which he fully accepted the doctrine in Mr. Cass's letter of the 10th of April, as sound international law, and in no way conflicting with the treaty of 1842.

Lord Malmesbury is a sensible man—it is not every statesman who, even at the end of a long conversation, can perceive that there is very little practical difference whether your police officer have a *right* to arrest an innocent person under suspicious circumstance, being subject to a claim for damages if he abuses the right; or may arrest a person under suspicious circumstances, being subject to a claim for damages if the person prove to be innocent, and the circumstances were not sufficiently suspicious to warrant the arrest.

IT IS NOW known that marriages bear a fixed and definite relation to the price of corn; and in England the experience of a century has proved that they are simply regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people, so that this immense social and religious institution is not only swayed, but is completely controlled, by the price of food and by the rate of wages.—*Buckle's History of Civilization.*

Of course—and the more sensible a people are, the more the number of marriages will be influenced by the possibility of getting something for a growing family to eat. If there was a probability of a general famine this year, there would be very few marriages among all who know that man cannot live in bodily form without bodily nourishment. But all this does not prove that marriage is a result of the growth of corn—and does not spring from the constitution of human nature.

PHILOSOPHICAL.—Apropos to the present hot weather, a gentleman of our acquaintance says that he does not mind the heat until the thermometer reaches 99 degrees. He says he was born on a very hot day in August, 42 years ago, when the thermometer recorded exactly 98. Of course, therefore, he endures the heat very philosophically until that point is reached—but, after that, he confesses he begins to flinch.

New Publications.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, for April, and the NORTH BRITISH, for May, (Leonard Scott & Co., New York,) contain the usual quantity of good reading, the North British taking the lead. The Edinburgh has an article on Edgar Poe, repeating in dilution, the slanders of Griswold's memoir. It is strange that a biography so well understood in this country, should still find credit in the eyes of English reviewers, when the most ordinary critical insight would be sufficient to detect its real character. The present reviewer is so deficient in the very elements of a good critic as to term the memoir, upon mature examination, "*honest* and able." This passes patience.

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM, by PETER BAYNE, M. A., (Gould & Lincoln, Boston,) are the work of a young Scotchman with an evident future in literature before him. The Essays contain splendid passages, and though here and there narrow and exclusive, show no common analytic and perceptive power.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) has gathered its first seven numbers into one large, handsome volume, which makes a good appearance.

THE JEALOUS WIFE. A NOVEL. By MISS PARDOE. T. B. Peterson, Phila.

RUINOUS BUSINESS.—The New York Central and the New York and Erie Railroad, are engaged in the work of trying to ruin each other. From some misunderstanding between them, one road put down its price of tickets to a nominal figure, which was soon followed by the other road, and they are now both doing a splendid business of carrying passengers for almost nothing. Of course, the more business they do, the sooner they will be killed, and the sooner the stockholders will be ruined. This suicidal business operation affects many of the Western roads, but we see that the great western trains are disposed to cut their connection entirely with the New York roads. The stockholders of the New York and Erie road recently gave their President $25,000 salary, to obtain his financial and business experience in that company. They are now realizing some of the benefits of it.

FROM SANTA FE—LOSS OF LIFE—CAPT. MARCY'S TRAIN IN A SNOW STORM.—ST. LOUIS, June 26.—The Republican's Independence correspondence, under date of the 23d ult., says that the Santa Fe mail had arrived, bringing dates to the 1st ult. Capt. Marcy had been heard from. Between the Arkansas and Platte rivers, in a snow on the 12th of April, he lost 250 mules and a large number of sheep. Colonel Loring had proceeded very well until April 29th, when he was overtaken by a snow storm, in which six of his men were frozen to death. Lieut. McNally, Regimental Quarter Master, lost forty or fifty mules and all his beef cattle and sheep. Mr. Alexander, who was sending a train to Utah, lost all his animals except 15, and was obliged to abandon his wagons on the road.

LATER FROM MEXICO.—NEW ORLEANS, June 28.—The steamship Tennessee, from Vera Cruz, brings dates from the city of Mexico to the 19th ultimo.

The forced loan to the government has caused great excitement. Foreigners refusing to comply are ordered to leave the country, and goods belonging to American citizens have been seized for non-compliance. Mr. Forsyth, the United States Minister, has demanded and received his passports. The Liberals are everywhere strengthening their positions. Zuloaga is about going to Tampico for refuge.

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH QUESTION.—NEW YORK, June 26.—Lieut. Davis, of the British flag ship Iudus, who arrived in this city yesterday with despatches from Admiral Stuart, for Lord Napier, proceeded immediately to Washington. He reports that the steamer Devastation, which had been dispatched with peremptory orders to the Styx and Buzzard not to overhaul any more American vessels had returned to Bermuda, and reports having fallen in with these vessels, and delivered the orders to their commanders.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS GARDENS—THE FOWLS OF THE AIR—THE DANGER OF OPEN WINDOWS—A FOUR-FOOTED PURVEYOR—NEW INVENTIONS.

Paris, June 3, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

To begin my weekly chronicle with an allusion to the state of the weather is undoubtedly a very trite way of proceeding; yet can I do otherwise on this occasion, seeing that, after the unseasonable coldness of the ill-tempered May which has just left us, we find ourselves set upon by a fiery dragon of a June that threatens to devour us bodily as with the flames of a furnace? Such heat as we are now enduring has certainly not been experienced here, at this season, during the present century. Everybody who can manage to quit the city, is rushing off into the country, and those of us who are compelled to remain here, are resorting to all possible expedients for darkening rooms, and keeping out the scorching atmosphere of the street. Alas for those who are doomed to exist in the narrow and stifling lanes which have not yet entirely disappeared from the centre of this brilliant metropolis; or to look out only on the courts round which the houses here are so generally built, seven stories high, and which are about as airy as so many wells! And happy those who, like your correspondent, have secured, with a prudent eye to the dog-days, a "whereabout" looking out on a wide extent of gardens, and with a magnificent walnut-tree, a waving, perpendicular ocean of verdure and whisperings, looking beneficently in at their windows!

I have alluded, in former letters, to the vast gardens still existing in the interior of Paris; beautifully laid out, with umbrageous masses of shrubbery, long winding paths, grassy lawns, flower-beds and fountains; than which nothing imparts to the old historic residences of the old nobility, a more impressive air of grandeur and of elevation above the confined and commonplace dwellings of ordinary mortals.

The long suites of rooms, with their lofty windows, their costly but lack-lustre furniture and appointments, solid and rich, but worn by the use of many generations, and so curiously different from the fresh, glittering look of the dwellings of "new" people, whose gilding has not had time to tarnish, and whose splendid furniture seems to be intended for display rather than for use;—the army of servants in livery;—the shade and hush and quiet that pervade the place, and seem to transport you a thousand miles from the vulgar glare, noises and bustle of the street, and the interests of the work-a-day world behind you;—even the beautiful works of art, the porcelain, armour, paintings, and statuary that diffuse so subtle a charm of grace and refinement through the atmosphere of these guarded retreats, are less eloquent of the enormous social advantages enjoyed by those "favored few" among the busy millions who carry on the world's affairs, than are these vast ancestral gardens. For not only does such an appropriation of land, in the heart of the city, imply the possession of great wealth on the part of those who can thus afford to retain in this shape the large amount of capital represented by the ground itself, but the old trees, the careful culture, all speak of another order of life from the eager, struggling existence that seizes on every chance of gain; while the coolness and greenery, the song of birds, and the flash of fountains, seem to shut out the rest of the world, and to make an oasis of beauty and refinement in the desert of city-life.

Probably no modern city contains such a number of birds as Paris. London has plenty of sparrows; and its parks boast also of singing-birds. But the city at large is utterly devoid of singing-birds; whereas Paris is full of them. As you pass along under the high walls of the Faubourg St. Germain, which enclose and hide the verdant ancestral paradises just alluded to, you are astonished to hear the warbling of linnets, finches, and blackbirds, who seem quite under the impression that they are in their proper place, and to enjoy life as thoroughly as though in the wildest country. The French are very fond of birds, and bushels of crumbs are dispensed every morning from their windows to their feathered favorites. Some of my friends have for years been in the habit of feeding the birds in their neighborhood from windows in this way; and to see the little creatures swooping down in crowds at the well-known call of their purveyors is really a pretty sight. One of them, the well-known magnetiser, Baron Du Potet, has only to place himself at an open window, and make a sort of sharp whistle which they seem to be very well acquainted with, and scores of little brown heads are seen sticking out instantly from under roofs and chimney-pots, and out of every rough place in the walls, and peering down to see if he be alone. If any one be with him, the little heads remain sharply in observation; but if no one else is to be seen at the window, down they come in flocks, and catch the crumbs as he throws them out from the window. Standing in a corner, out of their sight, I have often seen the birds come flying down at his call, and have been much amused to see how adroitly they catch the bits of bread in the air. These birds are only sparrows, the others frequent only those windows which look out upon the gardens. Another friend of mine, a lady nearly seventy years of age, as graceful, amiable, risk, and intelligent as though she were but twenty, and a universal favorite, whose rooms look out upon a garden, has a window fitted up with a wooden box of which she has made a flower-bed, full of sweet-peas, mignonette, pinks, and convolvulus. If she happens to be a few minutes later than her usual hour of eight o'clock in opening this window, and scattering soaked bread between the flowers for her little pets, the latter beat against the window with their wings, and manifest various signs of discontent and impatience. One of the sparrows—a sturdy little fellow that had come regularly for two or three years for his breakfast among the rest, used to peck with its beak against the panes, whenever she happened to be late in scattering the bread. As he has not made his appearance this summer, my friend considers it certain he must have fallen a victim to cats, and has mourned his untimely decease accordingly. Just now she has two little mother-sparrows that bring each a little troop of young ones, three-quarters fledged, and not very *au fait* of the art of flying, but that peck up the bread quite as efficiently as their mammas and friends. At one time this lady had, among her morning visitors, eleven little tom-tits, whose pretty plumage was her especial delight, and who were so tame and so intelligent that they would come to her whenever she called them by the names she had given them. One was "Boulotte," another "Roulette," a third "Tirette," and so on; and each would come flying to her window when she called the name she had given to it. Several of them would eat from her hand.

But if birds abound in Paris, and are a charming feature of the city, cats also abound, and are very much less charming. To say nothing of their nocturnal musicas they perambulate the roofs, courts and gardens to which they manage so mysteriously to gain access, they are among the most adroit thieves the town has to boast of, a fact of which your correspondent has just been distressingly reminded by the total disappearance of a beautiful great mackerel, carefully "boned" and laid in a bath of oil and vinegar, as the safest provision that could be made, in the present state of the atmosphere, during the holiday given to her servant, who had gone off to Marseilles to be present at the "first communion" of the "son and heir" of a tailor of the place, and her godson, the event being celebrated as is usual here, by a grand dinner given by the parents of the little communicant to all the aunts, uncles, cousins, god-parents, and intimate friends of the tailor's family connexion. Imagine my emotions on discovering the emptiness of the dish in which the said mackerel had been so triumphantly deposited by the said hand-maiden previous to her departure; one or two minute fragments dropped by the feline depredator in her retreat, showing that she had effected her entrance and exit by means of a tree at the corner of the little balcony outside my unsuspecting windows! Under this cruel bereavement, I could only console myself by the reflection that others had undergone equivalent trials; and that my unscrupulous visitor was probably the same that had penetrated into the kitchen of my next door neighbor a month or two ago, and had adroitly ran off with a fine *fricandeau* of veal that the cook had just finished larding, and had laid on the table for a moment, while she went into the next room to get some other ingredient needed before putting it into the stew-pan. As she opened the kitchen door on her return, she caught sight of the cat making off with the veal; and had the mortification of seeing the impudent creature scaling the low roof of a house just below the kitchen window, dragging her prize in her mouth, and disappear round the other side of the building without its being possible for the indignant cook to protest against such a transfer of the main element of her mistress's dinner otherwise than by an ineffectual yell, at which pussy no doubt "laughed in her sleeve," as soon as she could open her thievish jaws without fear of dropping her booty!

French cats really are extremely adroit and hardy in the appropriation of unguarded edibles, and some of them would merit a place in the history of remarkable thieves. One of my friends, from whom I have the story, and who vouches in the most positive manner for its literal truth, was intimately acquainted with the family of the Count de V——, a noble, but impoverished house, formerly possessing large estates in the neighborhood of Lyons. One of the daughters of this family married very unhappily, however, and became reduced to great distress; the other went into a convent, where she took the veil. The only son, on the death of his parents, returned from the West Indies, (whither he had gone to try and scrape some small profit from an estate there, but without success,) and found himself the possessor of the old family chateau in the outskirts of the town, with its queer antiquated furniture and family portraits, and an old black cat. Not a *sou* in hard cash, not a square inch of the former estates, remained to this lonely heir of an historic name; his sole patrimony was the chateau and the cat. But though he saw that there was no resource left to him but to sell the old dwelling for whatever it would bring, he naturally felt reluctant to take this step, which would sever the last link that seemed to connect him with his forefathers. Yet he was so penniless that he was literally unable to purchase a dinner; and had just eaten the last bit of the bread he had bought the day before, when, to his amazement, the cat, whose absence he had not even remarked, made its appearance with a great beef-steak in its mouth, and deposited its booty at the feet of the master of the mansion. The Count, with an uncomfortable feeling that the beef must be the fruit of larceny on the part of the cat, was nevertheless very thankful for the windfall, and proceeded to the kitchen, where he kindled a fire, and having washed the meat, proceeded to cook his dinner. The cat waited patiently for his share, and ate it, apparently, with a quiet conscience and much satisfaction. Next day the same strange purveyor, after an absence of several hours, made its appearance with a fowl; on the following day it brought a large fish; and so on. For two years this successful robber never failed to bring a joint, a fish, or poultry for his master's dinner, though he frequently bore marks of blows received in his retreat from the scenes of his depredations. On one occasion the cat made his appearance with a leg of mutton which he had some difficulty in dragging along, so heavy was it, and so badly had he been hurt by the cook from whom he had stolen it. The cook had espied the animal making off with the joint, and had run after him with a spit which happened to be the nearest thing to his hand; but though he managed to hit the cat a terrible blow, the determined animal held on to his prize, and managed to regain his master's dwelling with his booty. But the cook had followed the flying mutton, and traced the thief to the chateau, where he made his appearance in a storm of indignation denouncing the cat as a universal robber. "Every body complains of him!" cried the angry functionary, "all the restaurants know him, and so do all the cooks in the town, all the market-women, and all the fishermen of the Rhone. We all know him, for we have been robbed by him over and over again; but though we have often managed to give him a thump, he is too quick for us, and always gets off with his prey before we can see which way he has gone. But this time I have tracked him, and I demand the restoration of my mutton!"

"It is quite true," answered the Count, "that the cat is a great thief; for two years past, the poor animal has never failed to bring me a dinner, but for which I must have starved here in this deserted old dwelling. It has distressed me to see that he robbed the town; but I could not have returned the plundered joints to their owners, not knowing who they might be, and as I tell you, his thefts, though I could not but regret them, have furnished me with food which I could not otherwise have procured."

The joint was of course returned to the cook, and the Count went without his dinner. The cat had been so much injured by the blow of the spit, that he died a few days afterwards, to the great regret of his master, who could not help shedding a tear when he dug his grave in the bit of garden left under the window of the desolate chateau. Not long afterward the Count recovered some property that had been supposed to be lost, and from that moment his affairs became more prosperous. He obtained a post under Government, married an heiress, and became a rich man.

But he never forgot the services the cat had rendered him. He took great pains to indemnify the persons whom the animal had robbed; and having thus effaced the stains upon its good name, he erected a monument to its memory on the spot where he had buried it.

We know but little of the nature of the intelligence so remarkably displayed by certain animals. Think, for instance, of the exploits of the elephant, Kubadar-Moll, who, when General Outram was attacked by the rebels between Sultanpour and Fyzabad, on his way to Lucknow, aided the British soldiers to fire the cannon, and actually applied the match with his trunk several times over!

Within a day or two, the *Nautilus*, a new diving apparatus, has been at work on the Seine; and a number of visitors, including several very elegant ladies, have made a promenade by its means, at the bottom of the river. Another inventor here is very sanguine with regard to a new contrivance of his for managing balloons; an invention of which I may have something to say in a future letter.

QUANTUM.

☞ That fine part of our constitution, the eye, seems as much the receptacle and seat of our passions, appetites, and inclinations, as the mind itself; and at least it is the outward portal to introduce them to the house within, or rather the common thoroughfare to let our affections pass in and out. Love, anger, pride and avarice, all visibly move in those little orbs.—*Spectator.*

☞ Oh ye loved ones that already sleep in the noiseless Bed of Rest, whom in life I could only weep for and never help; and ye who, wide-scattered, still toil lonely in the monster-bearing Desert, dyeing the flinty ground with your blood—yet a little while, and we shall all meet there, and our Mother's bosom will screen us all; and Oppression's harness, and Sorrow's fire-whip, and all the Gehenna Bailiffs that patrol and inhabit ever-vexed Time, cannot thenceforth harm us any more!—*Carlyle: Sartor Resartus.*

☞ An Irishman making love to a lady of great fortune told her "he could not sleep for dreaming of her."

☞ We have heard of a man, reasonable in all other matters, who declared that he had been ruined, all his vast property swallowed, by an earthquake. But when asked by strangers, "What earthquake—and where?" the ruined man, with a deeper look of injury upon him, would reply confidentially, "That's it, that's just it. That earthquake, sir, was most shamefully hushed up."

☞ Hardness is a want of minute attention to the feelings of others: it does not proceed from malignity or a carelessness of inflicting pain, but from a want of delicate perception of those little things by which pleasure is conferred or pain excited. A hard person thinks he has done enough if he does not speak ill of your relations, your children, or your country; and then, with the greatest good-humor and volubility, and with a total inattention to your individual state and position, gallops over a thousand fine feelings, and leaves in every step the mark of his hoof upon your heart.—*Sydney Smith.*

☞ "Clever men," said Lady Selina, "as a general rule, do choose the oddest wives! The cleverer a man is, the more easily, I do believe, a woman can take him in."—*Bulwer Lytton.*

☞ Affections, like the conscience, are rather to be led than driven: and it is to be feared they that marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry.—*Fuller.*

☞ If an angel were sent to find the most perfect man, he would probably not find him composing a body of divinity, but perhaps a cripple in a poor-house, whom the parish wish dead, and who is humbled before God with far lower thoughts of himself than others think of him.

☞ A GUARDED ANSWER.—In the Registration Court, Cupar, Fife, a man was called upon to appear as a witness, and could not be found.—On the sheriff asking where he was, a grave, elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis said: "My lord, he's gone." "Gone! gone!" said the sheriff; "where is he gone?" "That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he's dead."

☞ I never see an Italian image-merchant with his Graces, Venuses, and Apollos, at sixpence a head, that I do not spiritually touch my hat to him. It is he who has carried refinement into the poor man's house; it is he who has accustomed the multitude to the harmonious forms of beauty.—*Jerrold.*

☞ A gentleman was threatening to beat a dog who barked intolerably. "Why," exclaimed an Irishman, "would you beat the poor *dumb* animal for *spakin' out?*"

☞ The cook, the housemaid, and the washerwoman are the pillars on which our domestic comfort rests. Without them, nothing is possible in family or individual life. The well-cooked dinner, the clean shirt, the tidy room, are the landmarks of true civilization. Below them all is barbarism.

A HUMAN WAIF.

FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

Last summer, being at a small watering-place off the coast, at daylight one morning I went out in a small lugger manned by four men, for a sail to the Goodwin Sands. It was blowing rather fresh, and about four miles from the land there was a heavy sea running. Suddenly one of the men called out, "What's that?" and pointed to some object a short distance to leeward, and riding on the crest of a wave. On nearing the object, it was discovered to be a chest, made of dark wood, and measuring about two feet in length by sixteen inches wide, and as many inches deep. This chest, which was corded and nailed down, and was very heavy, was, with some little difficulty, got into the lugger, whereupon the crew, myself included, became very curious to know its contents. On taking off the lid three large pieces of coal were found. These removed, a layer of linen, a sheet presented itself to view: beneath the sheet was a lady's dressing-gown, in which was wrapped, very carefully, a little infant, a girl of about five months old! It was a very pretty child, as white as marble. I never saw a human being so white, and though it must have been dead for some time, it was not in the least decomposed. It had upon its head a little cap trimmed with lace, and a night-dress of fine material.

The chest and its contents were at once brought to land, and placed beneath a shed. A surgeon of great experience examined the little body—an operation in which, at his request, I assisted him. We found no marks of violence. Nothing to warrant a suspicion that death had ensued from other than natural causes. On the contrary, the cause of death was apparent, and there was no occasion for sending for the coroner, whose place of abode was twenty-one miles distant.

The little body lay in the shed during the day, guarded by one of the men who had picked it up, and meanwhile preparations were made for the funeral, which was to take place in the afternoon, at six o'clock, in the churchyard of the parish, and about a mile from the watering place.

The visitors of both sexes, and of all ages, went to look at the Dead Baby—not in a mass, but in groups of twos and threes. I took up a position in a loft over the shed, whence I could see and hear without being seen.

One lady, whom death had doubtless robbed of a little one, wept bitterly at the sight which had seemingly made her heart bleed afresh, and it was with difficulty that her husband removed her from the scene. Several other ladies also wept: amongst them a governess who held by her hand a little girl of about nine years old, and whom she informed that it was just like a little baby of her sister's, who died when it was five months old. Another English lady remarked to her companion that the dressing-gown in which the infant was wrapped, as well as the child's clothes, were not of English material or make; and that the child must have been born of French parents. This remark induced me to examine minutely the lid of the chest, and upon it I found a slight indentation in the shape of a cross. But whatever was the child's race, or whatever their religion, it was carried to the graveyard by brave and honest English boatmen, and received Christian burial.

It would be in vain to speculate who were the parents of the child, or what part of the world they were going to, or coming from. That the little one had died far at sea, and out of sight of land, there could hardly be a doubt, and that the chest, (which the coals were not sufficiently heavy to sink,) had been washed up the Channel. Had it not been picked up that morning, abreast of the Goodwin Sands, it might have found its way to the river Thames.

As it was—beyond a passing notice in a country journal—no mention was ever made of it. I have seen extracts from Household Words, in Indian, Australian, Cape, American, Canadian, and other journals. My chief object in detailing the above facts is, that they may become known to those to whom the little one was dear. The ashes of the Little Unknown repose in the grave-yard of Saint Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet, Kent, England. Even should this knowledge cause the child's relatives a renewal of their griefs, it cannot fail to afford them some consolation.

I cannot conclude this little narrative without alluding—and I do so with something like national pride—to the respect which an English seaman pays to the dead. When we were getting the chest into the lugger, and before its contents could be guessed at, there was no small amount of jocularity touching the nature of the prize. And when it was fairly aboard a scene ensued that amused me vastly. A little gambling went on, and the reader must bear in mind that these men who, every winter, man life-boats, and risk their own lives to save those of others, are not particularly refined in their expressions, when they are amongst themselves, and have some business to settle. My presence did not operate as a check upon their tongues. They had known me too long; and I had often witnessed their daring deeds. Sometimes, when an oath was rapped out, they would beg my "pardon for such a rudeness;" but then there was always a smile playing over the lips of the speaker, which more than half destroyed the force and effect of the apology he intended to offer me.

"Well, what about the shares—whatever it may be?" said the captain of the lugger, when the chest was about to be opened. "Share and share alike!"

"I saw it first," said one of the men; "I ought to get a share and a half. But—look here—who will buy my share, on chance?"

"I will!" cried out the other three men.

"What will you give? Bid!"

The bidding commenced. The fourth share of the value of the chest and contents unknown, was started at eighteen pence, and was eventually knocked down after a spirited competition, for three shillings and sixpence, the purchaser being quite satisfied that it was a carpenter's chest of tools, or a box full of nautical instruments. While the lid of the chest was being removed, there was also a good deal of joking, and the expression of many hopes and fears. Gold, rum, sugar, tracts. No sooner, however, was the truth manifested, than their conduct was entirely changed. Not an oath was uttered on the way back to the harbor, nor a word spoken that did not betray some very good feeling, or some very tender thought; and when we came alongside the old wooden quay, the captain of the lugger said to the youngest of the crew in a low, reverent voice:

"Ned, run up to the harbor-master, and ask him to send down an ensign to throw over the poor little darling."

NEWS ITEMS.

RACING IN ENGLAND—MATCHES WITH THE AMERICAN HORSES.—The English papers state that a match has been made for a race between the American horse Prioress, and Beadsman, the winner of the Derby. The event is to come off at Newmarket, in October, and the terms at £500 a side. The horses are to carry even weights (119 pounds each), notwithstanding that Beadsman has an advantage of two years in age over Prioress. A match has also been made between Mr. Ten Broeck's horse Babylon, four years, and Lord Chesterfield's Telegram, three years, at even weights, for £200 a side, to be run the day after the above. Mr. Ten Broeck's horses Charleston and Pioneer are both entered for the Goodwood Cup.

AT a large wedding party at New Orleans, not long ago, the guests were cheated out of their supper in a novel way. A gang of thieves having entered the dining-room by a back window, gathered the edges of the table cloth together, and folding it into a bundle, made off with everything that was upon the table, including the family plate, valued at some hundreds of dollars. When supper was announced the table was there, and nix besides.

MR. DEARBE, of Conneaut, lost a valuable mare a few days since, in a singular manner. She was addicted to kicking, and while indulging in that spirited exercise she broke her own back—the spine becoming disjointed near the middle, from the sheer violence of her exertions.

DAN RICE'S horse "Excelsior," which everybody knows, fell from the stairs lately, while in the ring, and broke a leg. He had to be killed. Dan may travel a long time before he can be able to obtain another such splendid animal.

IT is a disputed question whether Mr. Montgomery of this State, is renominated for Congress. He has a majority of the whole vote, but only one out of three counties composing his district.

JUDGE HUNT, of the First District Court at New Orleans, has charged the grand jury to the effect that the action of the late Vigilance Committee was revolutionary and lawless, and recommending that its members be prosecuted. The newspapers told the grand jury to pay no attention to the judge's charge, and the grand jury did not.

RUTLAND, Vt., June 25.—At the Reform (deform?) Convention in session here resolutions were introduced relating to Spiritualism, Anti-Slavery, Marriage, the Bible, Land Reforms, Free Trade, the Sabbath, and Divine Worship. A thousand persons were present, the Spiritualists predominating.

LOT M. MORRELL has been unanimously nominated by the Republican Convention of Maine for Governor.

POST-OFFICE INSTRUCTIONS.—Hon. Horatio King, First Assistant Postmaster General, has instructed the Postmaster at Montpelier, Vt., that patterns and blank sample sheets are subject to letter postage, and that printed ballots and business blanks are to be rated by the sheet—each sheet being regarded as a single circular, no matter how many times the blank is repeated upon it.

CAPT. LUCE, late of the steamer Arctic notoriety, has been elected Treasurer of the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad.

GOLD IN VERMONT.—A correspondent of the New York Express says that great excitement prevails around Montpelier, Vt., by the discovery of gold in quantities. The Winooski river and its branches abound with it. It is very similar to the California gold. Large veins have been discovered.

THE trial at Staunton, Va., of the Rev. Daniel Downey, a Catholic Priest, for the murder of a man named Mullins, has ended by the disagreement of the jury, nine being for conviction of murder in the second degree, and three for acquittal. The defence was "self-defence."

PROSPECT OF CHEAP MEAT.—The stock trains over the New York Central Railroad, last Friday night numbered 127 cars—the largest of the season. The western farmers are sending down their cattle in anticipation of loss of crops, by the freshets and shortness of feed, the coming summer.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ, it is now said, has determined to remain at Cambridge, notwithstanding the flattering offers of Louis Napoleon. He does not feel able to leave his engrossing studies even so long as to visit his aged mother in Switzerland.—*Boston Transcript.*

SLAVERY IN TEXAS.—The Galveston Civilian scouts the idea that there is danger of a Free-Soil feeling growing up in Texas from the alleged preponderance in portions of the State of European emigrants, and the increasing numbers which are coming in. The Civilian replies by quoting the statistics of population, showing that in 1850, with the exception of persons of Mexican parents born in Texas, the entire population of foreign birth in the State was only 12,000, or 1½ per cent. of the people of the State. Since then the immigration from Europe has not exceeded 500 per annum, including men, women and children. The deaths among the original number are estimated to have equalled the arrivals, and it is pronounced to be doubtful whether the number of persons of foreign birth in the State is now as great as it was ten years ago, while the increase in her population from immigration from other States of the Union has been at least 400 per cent. It is said, in addition, that the foreign-born population have never shown any disposition to change the policy of the State in regard to Slavery.

A PICTURE TO BE SEEN TO BE APPRECIATED.—Holding office in Utah is no joke, if this passage from the correspondence of the Tribune is as true as it is graphic:

I have seen the Governor of the Territory walking gravely up the road toward his tents, carrying a piece of stove funnel under each arm; I have seen the Chief Justice cutting the turf for a chimney, and punching the oxen which were drawing logs to build his cabin; the Secretary of State splitting wood, and the United States Attorney and Marshal plastering the walls of their hut with mud. Yesterday I saw one United States Commissioner stripped to the buff and riding on horseback, piloting a wagon through a ford across the South Platte, which he had discovered by wading, while the other Commissioner, having accomplished the passage, sat upon a corn sack on the opposite bank, mending a rent in his pantaloons. These pictures may convince you that the civil offices, at least, in connection with the Utah expedition, are not sinecures.

☞ An Irish counsellor having lost his cause, which had been tried before three judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the two others but very indifferent, some of his brother barristers were merry on the occasion. "Well, now," says he, "who the deuce could help it, when there were a hundred judges on the bench?" "A hundred judges? There were but three." "By St. Patrick," replied he, "there were *one* and *two ciphers.*"

☞ That is a good idea of Clarke's:—"The frost is God's plough, which He drives through every inch of ground in the world, opening each clod and pulverising the whole."

IS HE INSANE?

An attempt on the part of the relatives of the Rev. Mr. Leach, a clergyman of the Church of England, of good family and fortune, to have him removed for life into a lunatic asylum, is creating much comment in England. The jury refused to pronounce him insane. The London Daily News thus sums up and comments on the case:—

The moving spirits in this attempt were his mother, his married sister, and her husband. The reverend gentleman had on two previous occasions labored under attacks of mental infirmity, and had once been put under restraint. But he had been released, and had for some years been allowed the free indulgence of his eccentricities. Singular as these were, Mr. Leach appears to have been perfectly harmless. He seems to have lived alone, or with his mother. He was a religious enthusiast. He was possessed with the idea that the Millennium was "dawning," if indeed it had not already dawned. His actions were all guided, he said, by the Holy Spirit.

In early youth he had shaved off his beard, but the Scriptural injunction against effeminacy and women's attire had induced him to resume the badge of manhood. He entertained strong views as to the necessity of personal defence, and, on the occurrence of some burglaries in his neighborhood, provided himself, after the fashion of Notting Hill, with four or five pistols, and declared that he should carry about gunpowder in his waistcoat-pocket to keep it dry. He was a man of kindly and domestic habits. He thought servants ought to be treated more on an equality, and carried his principles on this point somewhat to an extreme. Feeling lonely, he was in the habit of associating with his women servants, would occasionally kiss them, and sometimes take them on his knee. Even this, however, he declared was done by the command of a power which he did not venture to disobey.

In his delicate attentions he drew distinctions:—one kiss he would imprint upon the lips—another upon the cheek; but the former kind of caress was reserved exclusively for the young woman he intended to make his wife. Clergyman though he was, he was in the habit of playing whist with his female domestics, but then the game was sanctified by his reading a chapter or singing a hymn between the deals. For a clergyman and a rational man these were no doubt strange eccentricities. But then the man was harmless, and he was certainly a person of learning and ability. To meet him in a drawing-room, or, as one of the witnesses more cautiously put it, "in the company of learned and scientific men," no one would suppose him insane, and his tailors and tradespeople found him punctual in payment and obliging in manners. For years, even his friends admitted him to be eccentric, but never thought of putting him in a madhouse.

However, about the year 1857 his theory that "Marriage was the first thing, and the second thing, and the third thing," began to fructify. His sister, Mrs. Sedden, and her husband, found that he was actually about to marry one of the damsels whom he had hitherto been contented with caressing. There is no conclusive evidence of insanity in that. Chancellors, judges, bishops, and the like, have done as mad things in this way as poor Mr. Leach. Such an intention, in itself, would never induce any one to put his brother or anybody else into an asylum. But there were other facts. It turns out that on the death of his mother, Mr. Leach would become entitled to £30,000. If he died without children and intestate, that fortune must come to Mr. and Mrs. Sedden. This was too splendid a prospect to be obscured by a servant-maid and a young family.

It was natural enough that the doctor should be called in by the Seddens to see whether eccentricities could not be construed into insanity. The thing was managed. Poor Mr. Leach was consigned to an asylum. One jury, unable to agree on a verdict, has been discharged, but another jury has just come to the conclusion that Mr. Leach is quite competent to manage his own affairs. In this verdict every friend to the sacredness of personal liberty will concur. Eccentricity is one thing, madness is another. Dr. Winslow, when first consulted on the matter, recommended his friends to wait until Mr. Leach had committed some overt act of insanity. That overt act was, according to Mr. and Mrs. Sedden's opinion, committed when he was about to marry his servant-maid. The jury, who had the whole case very ably brought before them, naturally and properly looked with suspicion on such a proof of insanity as this. They, no doubt, remembered that a marriage might prevent the addition of £30,000 to the fortune of those friends who sought to prove the madness. The best and clearest summary of the whole case is to be found in the admirable letter of Mr. Leach, the supposed madman, written after his incarceration in the asylum, to his brother-in-law, Mr. Sedden.

"Nobody," he writes, "ever thought of imprisoning Charles Matthews when he married Madame Vestris. And though there is a religious motive associated with mine, if that would indicate insanity, you might as well imprison the whole body of Quakers, of Methodists, of Swedenborgians, of Mormonites, and I know not how many, who act according to their consciences, and believe that they act more or less under divine influence in their every-day proceedings. It is grievous to think that but for my temper on the Friday previous, and my divulging my intended marriage—which, by the way, if I had chosen, I could have contracted secretly—neither you nor any one else would have cared more than you have ever cared for my religious opinions or conduct; that is to say—not a two-penny piece." This is the whole truth of the matter. The case is a most discreditable one to the mother and the brother-in-law; and the consequences of a verdict, affirming, on such grounds, the insanity of Mr. Leach, might have been to the last degree dangerous. If eccentricity and a medical certificate are all that is required to deprive a man of his liberty and shut him up in a madhouse, what becomes of the boasted liberty of this eccentric and doctor-ridden British people?

A BAD BOY.—The Baltimore Republican gives the following as a few of the exploits of a boy only fifteen years of age, the son of a very respectable citizen of that city:—

"Not long ago, a young Newfoundland dog, the favorite of his father, was securely tied by this young Nero, who saturated the body with camphene or etherial oil, and set fire to the inflammable fluid, which had the effect of roasting poor Towser until life became extinct, after the endurance of the most intense, agonizing suffering which the human mind can conceive.

"The young demon being well pleased at the result of this grand experiment in cruelty, next endeavored to roast alive his little sister, a bright, intelligent child, about six years of age. Having playfully bound her legs and arms with a clothes-line, he placed her upon the cooking-stove in the kitchen, heated to an intense degree, in order to prepare dinner for the family. The shrieks and yells of the agonized victim were fortunately heard by the mother, who rushed down and removed the poor child before she was fatally injured. Toleration of the young villain's crimes had now ceased to be a virtue, and the father was engaged in preparations to effect his removal to the House of Refuge, when the hopeful youth suddenly disappeared at night from his dwelling, and no tidings have been heard of him since."

A COUNTRY editor, speaking of a member of the New York Assembly, says: "The first year he went to Albany he was so conscientious that he utterly refused to receive his allotment of stealings, in the shape of books and stationary. The next year he did not hesitate—and finally came home unable to tell the truth, even under the most favorable circumstances."

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE."

THE "CURRAL."

The "Curral" is a vast, and broken ravine which commences at the sea on the south side of the island of Madeira, and ends upon the mountain crests six miles back in the interior. The word "curral" means a "sheep-pen," and certainly the numerous flocks of those animals which feed upon its grass-patched sides, justify the name. It is eight miles from Funchal to the curral, and as the view thence is surpassingly grand, (most strangers visit it in spite of the fearful roads which they are obliged to travel in reaching it. I will now show the reader how it was that the doctor and myself, and four other messmates "went to the curral."

"Come on, doctor!"

"Hold on a minute! Some of the mess are going along with us."

"How many?" I asked.

"I!"

"Me for one!"

"A dozen or more!"

Such were the replies to my question. Upon "counting noses" we found the party numbering six. The second-lieutenant, the master, the chief engineer, the assistant surgeon, the doctor and myself. The marine officer and the purser took passage with us to the landing. Our party of six, armed ourselves with a box of sardines, a loaf of bread, several pocket-pistols of whiskey or wine, according to the taste of the owners; and thus equipped, stepped into the copper boat and pulled for the beach. There was a heavy sea setting into the exposed anchorage at the time, and as we were pulling directly across it, the crests of several splashed over the weather gunwale and moistened the sitters on the weather side.

"Look here!" exclaimed one of the moistened-ones. "Look here! I don't like this. Let us pull before this wind and sea, and land behind Loo-Rock. We shall all get soaked before we reach the beach, and when we do get there the surf will be too heavy for us to land."

This proposition immediately divided us into two parties: the one in favor of keeping-off to Loo-Rock; the other, of landing through the surf. I had landed upon the rocky, surf-beaten steps of the former, seventeen years since, and still remembered the heavy swells which had boiled along their broken sides, threatening destruction to everything like a boat if accidently "caught-foul:" I therefore belonged to the surf party. To settle the question a vote was called for, and we were thrown into the shade.

"Put up the helm and run her off for Loo-Rock!"

"Caram-bo!" exclaimed the doctor, as the heavy rollers now lifted our flying-stern and cast us bodily before them.

"You'll 'carram-bo' worse than that after they've carried you to the steps," I replied.

"*Indeed* you will!" added the master.

"Oh, fudge!" replied the marine officer, "there's no *comparison* between the two landings."

"Is'nt there!" quietly queried the master, who had tried them both a hundred times. He was an old African cruiser, while the doctor, the marine officer, and the purser—the three who had argued most strongly in favor of the present course—were visiting Madeira for the first time. True they had landed at "the steps" during smooth weather, but never when a swell was running.

We passed Loo-Rock in fine style, watched the rollers as they shattered themselves upon its rugged breast and cast their spray up its perpendicular sides, and finally approached the landing.* This landing consisted of a zig-zag flight of stone steps cut out of the perpendicular side of the rock, commencing some feet below the water, (at high tide) and reaching to the descending ridge. As we neared them, we observed that the surf was alternately immersing and exposing at least the six lower ones, that the boat would consequently be rising and falling several feet while being "held in" for us to land; that we were at least likely to get wet feet, and that if one was clumsy or guilty of a false step, limbs might be broken. In addition to this there was a fair probability of staving the boat.

"There! What do you think of that? There's your landing!" remarked the master, with a slight touch of irony.

"By Jove! It *is* rather bad," said the second lieutenant, who had reluctantly ordered our change of course to oblige "the majority."

"It's very singular! I can't account for it," acknowledged the marine officer.

"'There's no *comparison* between the two landings,'" I remarked, dryly. Our soldier turned slightly red about the face, but made no reply. We fourteen live together so smoothly that he knew no offence was intended.

"I had no idea of this!" said the purser, regretfully.

"Nor I!" added the doctor. "Look out! We'll be in a bad fix if we get on these rocks. Caram-*bo*!"

"'Caram-*bo*!' away now," continued the master. "It's too late."

It would be tedious to describe the landing; suffice it to say that after considerable hurry and difficulty we all gained the top of the steps. Some with wet feet, and one even with a fall on the slippery lower steps, but all in "good condition." We followed the steep road, expecting to have to walk around the town, but Maria, (our horse-boy of the previous day) mindful of our warning, was soon discovered approaching at the head of at least twenty galloping horses, hailed by their respective owners. They had seen our boat change her course, and hurried down to meet us. This irregular body of excited cavalry rushed toward us upon their irritated horses, each one striving to reach us first in order to make sure of a customer.

The reader must now return to "Glance No. 3," and recall the peculiar nature of the "Funchal streets," "fifteen feet wide, paved—mosaic-like—with hard, round-pointed stones, and bound on each side by high lava walls, along which run clean looking gutters." A more unfavorable formation could scarcely exist in which to charge a party of tenderfooted pedestrians with a score of prancing horses. There was no retiring farther than those high walls. In sheer self-defence most of us mounted one of "the twenty," though the prolonged resistance of the second-lieutenant demands to be noted. Armed with a delicate silk umbrella, which contrasted flatteringly with the mammoth one of rusty cotton wielded by the doctor, this officer—Fitz-James-like—gallantly "placed his back against the rock," and threatened loss of limb to both horse and rider. When he saw the rest of us vanquished, however, he succumbed to resistless numbers, and was soon in our midst.

We now commenced our line of march. The master and assistant surgeon led the van upon two very spirited horses; the second-lieutenant and doctor followed upon two steady, long-striding fellows, and the chief engineer and myself, brought up the rear. It had been our intention to go to the stable and select our own horses, but through the wide-awake activity of the horse-boys, we found ourselves forced into saddles at the very edge of the town. We now stopped a moment to change "a shilling each" into coppers, for the beggars which we knew would line the road, and taking a fresh start, were soon well clear of the town.

As I have previously remarked, "almost every one who visits Madeira, visits also the 'Curral,'" but there are very few who visit it as we did. Most persons ride their horses to the "first view," linger there awhile admiring its grandeur, and then return to an early dinner. Others there are who push on as far as their horses can find footing, and then return to a late dinner. While there are others still, who leave their horses at the impassable ford of the "Curral stream," and boldly breast on foot and hands the hoary height which towers over the very head of the ravine. Of this latter number, our party proved to be. From that apparently insecure and loosely piled peak of basaltic-like rock, a jagged peak, composed only of three or four sharp pinnacles, upon the tops and sides of which an uncertain footing is found for some twenty men—from that lonely, wind-swept and utterly soiless crag, we looked down two thousand seven hundred feet upon a picture of surpassing grandeur. But let us wait until we get there.

The chief engineer and myself riding abreast, brought up the rear, and our horse-boys walked abreast or astern of their respective horses. It was no longer Maria and his silent companion whose horses we now rode, but *Antonio* and another. Singular to say, this companion of Antonio was also a silent one. Antonio, who looked very much like a member of the swindling community, called him "de ole man;" I never learned his name. I soon found that both Antonio and his "ole man" spoke English much better than I did Portuguese—the former keeping up an incessant jabbering of nonsense, while the latter got off a sudden torrent of praise, as the reader will see a little farther ahead. I therefore confined myself to my mother tongue.

During this ride, we were again struck by the profusion of wild geraniums which covered many patches of uncultivated ground. They seemed to be the "weed" of Madeira, springing up wherever man would leave them unmolested. Previous to our departure I was asked by an English lady—

"How do you like our geranium beef!" And was then told that that flower flourished so plentifully in a wild state, that it supplied a prominent article of food to cattle. I replied that "I found it delightfully tender and juicy, but that I could not say that it had any flavor of geranium." I certainly never saw such generally eatable beef—even our careless steward was unable to saddle us with a tough piece.

We were now well in the country, the road, if any thing, getting more steep, and the walls along its side more heavy and black. These walls seemed also now to be intended more for preventing loss of soil from "washing," than anything else. The road seemed to have been cut down into the hills some eight or ten feet, and then these walls to have been built up even with, or slightly above the uneven surface of the soil. Thus the tops of them were often undulating, and while riding along, our heads would be on a level with the feet of the bare-legged laborers who cultivated the black and intensely rich soil on either side. These laborers, composed of men, women, and children of an increasingly filthy aspect, left their hoes as we clattered by, and lined the tops of the walls, looking down upon us and exhausting the beggar's vocabulary in the most energetic supplications. We often threw our coppers among them, and doubtless thus created much humble happiness in a small way.

Upon the tops, and often along the inner sides of these walls, were built narrow stone aqueducts, which diverted the mountain torrents from their natural beds, and carried their divided waters along reduced inclinations for the more effectual irrigation of the numberless hill-side fields and gardens which abounded on every hand. Here and there this water, after being used for irrigating purposes, was turned into a road-side reservoir, and thence let fall, in a larger volume, upon the wheel of some kind of mill for grinding wheat or corn, both of which species of grain have been extensively introduced into the island since the failure of the grape. Then as it escaped from these mills into the road, it followed the gutters, first on one side and then under the road to the other, until arrived at a point where other fields and mills required its assistance, when it suddenly disappeared under the wall, was conducted by another aqueduct over fresh fields and into other reservoirs, and thus descending the whole face of the country, finally emptied its tainted volume into the first ravine leading to the sea. Thus it was that when we first started, the water of the gullies was discolored and impure, and as we got higher and higher it became clearer and more free from vegetable matter, until as we reached a height of some two thousand feet, it became as sparkling as crystal, and as cool as was pleasant to the teeth.

We rode gayly along between these walls of scoria, and nodded, and laughed, and threw an occasional copper to the o'er-hanging beggars.

"My gracious! what a soapless-looking party they are!" I exclaimed to my companion, as we passed under a more than usually large collection. "One would think there was a law against washing."

"So there is!" replied my friend of steam, "or rather what amounts to the same thing—soap is a government monopoly. Didn't you know it?"

"No!"

"Well, it's a fact. A certain company pays the Portuguese government an annual sum for the sole privilege of supplying all of its cleanly disposed subjects with that compound, and the consequence is that said company charge so high for it that the yearners after cleanliness can't *afford* to buy it. The same company also hire the tobacco monopoly, and charge for that even more than for the soap. They clear largely by the latter, and rather lose by the former; so they will not renew the contract when it expires—so Mr. P—— (a Portuguese gentleman from Oporto) told me.

"That's a charitable way of accounting for every one being so systematically dirty, at any rate," I replied. "I say, Antonio! You and the 'ole man' ought to live in the United States, where you can plant tobacco and boil soap as much as you want to."

"Ah! Unite State!" sighed the fellow with real feeling. "I want go Unite State."

"Give him a piece of tobacco," said my friend of steam, as I put a piece to my own mouth and returned the plug to my pocket.

I complied by breaking it in half, that again in two, and handing each a piece. They seemed so greatly delighted at this, that I took out my flask also, and handed it to them. This "pocket pistol" held nearly a tumbler of whiskey that had been made before strychnine began to multiply one by two, and the tobacco was also something very fine—such tobacco *as can never be bought out of the United States*. It is singular what a quality of tobacco is sold by ignorant or unprincipled venders in foreign ports as "*the best Carendish*."

"Divide that between you!" I said, as Antonio held out his hand for the flask.

"'Ole man' drink fuss!" he said, and passed it over to his ancient comrade.

The "ole man" had previously said nothing. The whiskey seemed to open his mouth and sling his tongue in amidships, for he certainly talked with both ends for the next few minutes. It was only now that we discovered that he, too, could speak English—tolerably. He hastened to bend back his head and invert the flask—"Guzzle! guzzle! guzzle!"

"Stop! stop! Arrah pues!" (oh, the mischief!) protested Antonio, as the vessel continued inverted over the open mouth. "Arrah pues! no drink all!" And he grasped it hurriedly.

"Ah, me!" sighed the arrested one. And then he went off into a lengthy encomium upon the great excellence of everything American. I began to think that there might be something of the knave in our "ole man," as he again relapsed into his Bunsby-like silence and "took the lead," under the influence of his protracted potation.

We now reached the summit of a hill, up which the horses had been literally *scrambling* for the last ten minutes, and where we found a square, level court of some twenty feet diameter, surrounded by several hovel-like houses, built of rough blocks of weather-worn lava. We took advantage of this level spot to dismount and breathe our dripping horses. In a few minutes the entire population of this mountain hamlet were gathered around us—begging. It would have been a sad sight, had not every such feeling as true charity been put to flight by the bare-faced impudence with which they urged their demands. We held on to our few remaining coppers for more modest supplicants, and lounged through the neighboring gardens. We found small patches of terraced ground, black with volcanic sand and intense fertility, and irrigated by the descending mountain torrents. These patches were growing sweet potatoes, yams, and onions; one of the latter of which, when carried on shipboard and *divested of its outer skin*, measured *fifteen inches* in circumference. I subsequently learned from one of "the mess" that he had once carried some of the seed of these monsters to North Carolina, and divided them among several farmer friends, but that they had never germinated. He was afterwards told that the country people often destroyed their vitality by heat, to prevent their introduction into other countries.

And now the chief engineer and myself were most practically convinced of the mercenary dispositions of both Antonio and the "ole man." They hoisted their true colors after this fashion—

"Gentlemens give money to drink!" supplicated the former, while the latter looked on with an approving smile.

"Give *what*!" I exclaimed.

"Money for drink!" backed up the "ole man."

"Look here 'ole man,'" I replied with forced suavity. "You've had at least three drinks between you two already. You're too old to be dissipated. Take your young friend by the arm and show him a better example. Clear out!"

"Other gentlemens give money for boys drink," he objected sullenly.

"Humph! no give money!" sneered Antonio inquiringly.

"Sometimes give tobacco, sometimes give whiskey, sometimes give money, and sometimes give a thrashing," I replied. And suiting the action to the last words, I commenced wearing out a tough switch over a tight piece of striped cotton—Antonio's trousers were of striped cotton. I succeeded in giving him only three cuts, but those three were "sogdollagers." (See Cooper's "Home as found.") He then became so active that I threw away what remained of the switch and returned toward the horses. I found my companion being re-supplicated by the "ole man," to whom he was just succumbing. "I give him twenty cents," he said, "because the other fellows have all given their boys something."

"Well! They certainly cannot want to *drink* again. Let's see what they will do with it." I replied.

We watched the "ole man" join his discomfited friend—put the twenty cent piece in one pocket, take a smaller piece out of another, give it to him, and smile. The secret was no longer hid. They did not wish money to pay for drinks—their idea was to plunder us as extensively as possible and then divide the spoils. I consoled myself with the reflection that I had taken the worth of at least twenty cents out of the upper part of the striped cotton garment, and we subsequently had room to congratulate ourselves upon their return to a polite bearing. We found "stones" more productive of politeness than "clods," in their case.

* Loo-Rock is a small island of solid volcanic rock, distant some two hundred yards from the land, and flanked by one or two small rocks, the surfaces of all of which combined, break the violence of the sea and create an uneasy landing upon the opposite shore. It has a castle on its summit, and its sides are perfectly up and down. I imagine it to be more than a hundred yards in circumference. A zig-zag flight of steps cut out of the lee side of the rock, and guarded at every angle turn by invisible barricades, forms the only possible ascent to the castle above.

DEATH OF ARNOLD WINKELREID.

BY PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

Right hardy are the men, I trow,
Who build upon the mountain's brow,
And love the gun, and scorn the plough.

Not such soft pleasures pamper these
As lull the subtle Bengalese,
Or islanders of Indian seas.

A rugged hand to cast their seed,
A rifle for their red deer's speed;
With these their swarming huts they feed.

Such men are freedom's body-guard;
On their high rocks, so cold and hard,
They keep her surest watch and ward.

Of such was William Tell, whose bow
Hurtled its shaft so long ago,
At ros Morgarten's overthrow

Of such was Arnold Winkelreid,
Who saved his fatherland at need,
And won, in death, heroic meed.

That deed will live a thousand years!
Young Arnold, with his Switzer peers,
Fronted a hedge of Austrian spears

No mountain sword might pierce that hedge,
But Arnold formed the Bernese wedge;
Himself unarmed, its trusty edge

His naked arms he opened wide,
A great thought filled his eyes with pride
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried.

And bounding at a runner's pace,
He met his foemen face to face,
And swept five spears in his embrace.

He sheathed them in his breast and side,
And dragged them to the earth—and died,
Making a gap five spearmen wide.

A moment's pause for gallant wonder!
Then crash ng like the Ural thunder,
When mountain crags are rent asunder!

Over their hero stormily,
Broke the brave sons of Liberty;
And Switzerland again was free.

A CURIOUS FACT.—A curious anecdote of the instinct of locality has come to us from a highly veracious quarter. In the town of Franklin, in Venango county, once lived a gentleman, who was fond of bees. One morning he observed four toads sitting just below his hive. The next day the same toads were there, grave and solemn as sphinxes before an Egyptian temple. One was black; another bright colored; a third blind; a fourth marked in some other distinguishing way. Thinking they annoyed the bees, and seeing they pertinaciously preserved their position, day after day, he put them into a basket, carried them across the Alleghany, and left them at the top of a hill. What was his surprise, three weeks after, to find them at their old post, as grave and solemn as ever! Again he removed them, taking them, this time, in a different direction, and leaving them at a point much further off. In about six weeks, however, they were back for the second time. A neighbor, to whom the incident was told, and who was incredulous, next tried to lose them. But in a few weeks the toads were seen, one morning, entering the garden, under the leadership of one of their number, who gave a "cheep, cheep," looked back for his suite, and then hopped on, followed by the rest, until he reached his old station under the bee-hive, where he gravely took up his quarters.—*Philada. Ledger.*

EDUCATION.—An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time; and he works accordingly with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is his state who stands on the outside of that storehouse, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain forever shut against him! His means are the commonest and rudest; the mere work done is no measure of his strength. A dwarf behind his steam-engine may remove mountains; but no dwarf will hew them down with the pickaxe; and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms.—*Carlyle.*

THE WEATHER.—When you wish to know what the weather is to be, go out and select the smallest cloud you see; keep your eye upon it, and if it decreases and disappears, it shows a state of the air which will be sure to be followed by fair weather; but if it increases in size, falling weather will not be far off. The reason is this: when the air is becoming charged with electricity, you will see every cloud attracting all less ones toward it until it gathers into a shower. And on the contrary, when the fluid is passing off or diffusing itself, even a large cloud will be seen breaking to pieces and dissolving.

SALE OF POISONS.—There is a person living in a town in Dorsetshire, who practices as a surgeon and keeps a shop for the sale of drugs. He is addicted to drinking, and to avoid mistakes when he is inebriated or unsteady, I am told that the poisons are all put on the top shelf, to reach which it is necessary to stand upon a rickety stool, and that by this ingenious contrivance the public are protected.—*Pharmaceutical Journal.*

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Since my narrow escape on the seaside nearly twelve months had elapsed. Though I had never undertaken any regular consideration of the subject of a future life since that time, much convincing thought had cursorily passed through my mind. The subject would recur as I walked alone along the shore or sat resting in the woods; and something or other new would often present itself. These short snatches of thought in the midst of daily life have always proved more enlightening and useful to me than more intentional and regular investigations. When I found out that the metaphysicians had no specific faculty of common sense, I undertook to decide that this was because it was the sum and substance of the whole of the faculties acting together. But what they scarcely recognised as a constituent part of their science, I saw that they could not teach me to cultivate. Yet this was the power beyond all others worthy to be cultivated. Whereupon I put their books all together at one corner of the shelves, and began "on my own hook." And it was soon a favorite part of my process to bring great but diverse questions into proximity, and observe whether they aided the solution of each other; and to be discontented with solutions and unsettled in opinion, only by so much as I found everything resolving into one great totality. I had always found that a glance at any important subject from amidst an ordinary train of ideas, and when the mind was neither giving itself up to imaginative speculation nor restraining itself within syllogisms, nor in fact allowing any single power to preponderate, but just moving quietly along with ordinary common sense at work, helped me on to certainty better than any other style of investigation. And thus since my adventure on the seaside, I had made my way on to no little of additional certainty, on the point of a life after death. I was indeed, so far convinced of the certainty of such a life as to be already feeling in a vague and general way, but very continuously, the danger of not acting on my knowledge. For it was no longer the fabulous hades of the old polytheists that I saw, through the medium of the thoughts of the men of other countries, and a vanished epoch; but the supersensible world of my own inductions, immeasureably *more intense and real than this world* of duration without end; the product of our own deeds; and unspeakably wretched or serene accordingly as we had finally followed out our own impulses, or commenced a faithful obedience to God.

It seemed unaccountable and incredible to me, that the notion of the immortality of the soul should ever have originated amongst men, but especially that it should ever have prevailed in the signal way it has done, if it were not founded on sound premises and agreeable to the deepest instincts of our nature. Suppose it an error. Whence came this error first? From tradition? Tradition must obtain before it delivers. Whence then did tradition *obtain* it? From reason? Then it ought to be no error, but truth. For it is the special function and use of reason, to pronounce what is true. And if what reason pronounces truth, be not truth, then is truth

"Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below."

There is no further referee as to what is true, if we pass by reason. It is the last arbiter. It has to declare even what is true revelation. If it hath declared the soul immortal, immortal it must be held—for any authority which abrogates its judgment here, might abrogate it on every other point; and leave us without a guide in abysses of inanity and despair. Or if it be said, that not to either tradition or to reason are we to look for the first stirrings of this notion, but to Revelation; then indubitably we trace it to sound authority. There is no escape from this dilemma. There are but three sources to which the notion can be attributed—Tradition, Reason, Revelation. If we begin with tradition, we are forced immediately to abandon it and fall back on either reason or revelation. If we select reason, then the doctrine *ought to be true;* and even has *certainty* on its side, in the incomparable proportion of the millions who have believed to the units who have disbelieved. If we select revelation as the original source, then the doctrine is assuredly true; unless the honor, the veracity, the majesty of the Invisible Potentate be without avail as a guarantee. It is true that a short-sighted objection might be raised thus:—The notion did not arise first in the ratiocinative faculty of man, but in his imagination; his "phantasy," as the old writers would have said. But it amounts to nothing. For the gist of the case lies not in Reason originating the idea; but in its accepting it, approving it, pronouncing judgment in its favor. In fact, Reason is so little partial to her neighbor Phantasy's offspring, that if in this instance, she shall have adopted one of them for her own, it amounts to an additional warranty of its worth.

Again: this notion of the future existence of the soul lies at the very root of almost all we do and become. It is the plastic law of ninety-nine hundredths of man's intellectual, moral, social, political philosophy. It is the very fulcrum of religion, whilst religion is the most powerful of all known motives. Yet exalted and sublime doctrine as it is, the little child comprehends it for all purposes of use, as well as the man of three score and ten. Surely in view of such facts we must say that this belief is a genuine part of our nature; instinctive, coherent, essential as the desire for food and drink. Some there have been so diseased in body that they could not, and some so diseased in mind that they would not, any longer receive food and drink. Some there have been who have denied the postmortal existence of the soul.

The influence of the belief, wherever it prevails, is good; the influence of the disbelief, vitiating, paralysing, corrupting, mean on the man himself, malignant in its bearing on others. It would be a discouraging and dreadful thing to know that all the self-sacrifice, virtue, consolation, strength, which this belief has evoked in human hearts, deserved no higher names than those of illusion, waste, and folly. It would be remediless ruin to the world to discover it to be an indisputable truth, that all hope lay circumscribed within the area of time and sense; that ruffian force and devilish fraud were the only staunch and serviceable friends; and patient faith, a mere lying guide and foul betrayer. Then would the "anarch old," brute force, lift up his head and laugh. Then might matron dignity and maiden chastity betake themselves, as quickly as they could, to dens and caves, or drowning gulf. Then might honest industry abandon its toils as both vain and perilous; for who should assure it that the ruthless arm of the spoliator would not sweep away their fruits. Then might science cast away its books and its instruments, and betake itself to the more sagacious occupation of pampering the senses and glutting the appetites, whilst yet the sensuous life, the only life, possessed its fullest vigor. No more heart-sustaining hope of reunion in a better land for the bereaved. All nations might adopt a common flag—the skull and cross-bones—with the superscription, "Selfishness, Blood, Despair." Why it were better, though the doctrine were false, that it should be supposed to be true, than that it should become known to be false, and the real fact stalking forth in all its naked horror affright the world into madness, and let loose on its inhabitants all the villainies and pollutions of hell.

Not, however, that there need be any suspicion that it is false. We have just taken notice that a belief of the immortality of the soul promotes the powers, the interests, and the progress of human nature, in the most eminent manner. But no such thing was ever known as for the false and fallacious to augment the excellence of the true and real. There is a contrariety of qualities. And contrariety of qualities in things brought into contact always nullifies. This axiom is as fully settled among the metaphysical schoolmen as any geometrical axiom among the mathematicians. No instance can be shown of the surreptitious thing adding worth to the genuine. To any determinate number of true principles in geometry, algebra, or arithmetic, add only a single false one; and then observe whether you have not ruined the science as such, and made it worthless in application as an art. Make a similar experiment with pneumatics, with optics, with hydraulics, with chemistry, with astronomy; and mark how infallibly a similar consequence will attend it. So must a single false one added to the great truths of human science scatter confusion and ruin through it. Therefore the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is not a false doctrine, for it has been shown to exercise a highly beneficial influence in the practical ethics of the world. But we may go even further, and still only take what we prove. We may assert this doctrine to be the cardinal and consummating truth of the whole; that truth which binds together all the rest, and makes even the most ordinary important and illustrious, as no other could. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A TURKISH BEAUTY.—It is quite true that a Turkish beauty—really a beauty—'strikes you all of a heap,' as the sailors say. The Princess sat, bending slightly forward in the carriage, her 'gazelle eyes' resting thoughtfully on a Turkish fan of snow-white feathers, which she held in her hand, the centre of which was entirely of emeralds and diamonds—slight as a fairy—the exquisite tint of her skin, seen through the misty white veil, just the hue of a shell where it approaches pink. The delicate robe of palest sea-green, and the wreath of diamonds trembling round her head like splendid drops of water in a charmed crown, instantly reminded me of Undine in her softest mood, travelling in this rich but fantastic equipage to visit some great River Queen on shore for the day.—*Mrs. Edmund Horsby.*

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.—I am one of those who have been much assisted and fiercely attacked by the press. Throughout my life I have greatly employed this engine. By placing my ideas publicly before the eyes of my country I first attracted her attention and esteem.—During the progress of my career I have ever had the press for ally or opponent, and I have never hesitated to employ its weapons or feared to expose myself to its blows. It is a power which I respect and recognize willingly rather than compulsorily, but without illusion or idolatry. Whatever may be the form of government, political life is a constant struggle, and it would give me no satisfaction—I even say more—I should feel ashamed of finding myself opposed to mute and fettered adversaries.—*Guizot.*

AN ILL-TIMED REJOINDER.—The pagan chief Radbod had already immersed one of his royal legs in the baptismal font, when a thought struck him. "Where are my dead forefathers at present?" he said, turning suddenly upon Bishop Wolfrau. "In hell, with all other unbelievers," was the imprudent answer.—"Mighty well," replied Radbod, removing his leg, "then will I rather feast with my ancestors in the hall of Woden, than dwell in your little starveling band of Christians in Heaven." Entreaties and threats were unavailing. The Frisian declined positively a rite which was to cause an eternal separation from his buried kindred; and he died as he lived, a heathen!—*Motley's Dutch Republic.*

LOSS SICKNESS.—I remember our landlady's daughter telling me, soon after the school-mistress came to board with us, that she had lately "buried a payrent." That's what made her look so pale—kept the poor sick thing alive with her own blood. Ah! long illness is the real vampyrism; think of living a year or two after one is dead, by sucking the life-blood out of a frail young creature at one's bedside! Well, souls grow white, as well as cheeks, in these holy duties; one that goes in a nurse may come out an angel. God bless all good women!—to their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last!—*Dr. Holmes, in the Atlantic.*

☞ THERE'S THE RUB.—"Plain-faced girls should dress plainly," remarks Miss Leslie. Was there ever a young lady who was willing to admit that she had a plain face?

THE TWO ARMIES.

BY DR. O. W. HOLMES.

As Life's unending column pours,
Two marshalled hosts are seen,—
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's rod,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the signal line,
"Our duty is to save."

For these no death-bed's lingering shade;
At Honor's trumpet-call,
With knitted brow and lifted blade
In Glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,
No stirring battle-cry;
The bloodless stabber calls by night,—
Each answers, "Here am I!"

For those the sculptor's laurelled bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing o'er their dust
Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf
That floods the lonely graves,
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
Each falling tear of Love.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses Freedom draw,
Though the white lilies in her crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew,—

While Valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the Throne!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A BAD INVESTMENT.

Sir Charles Enfield and Sophia Medhurst were a couple of young lovers in the dangerous predicament of not exactly knowing their own minds. They were passing that epoch of human life when people have not yet formed a clear idea of what they would have; they long after an ideal perfection; but the object which comes the nearest to their standard often fails to fulfil their imaginative desires, and so they relinquish the possession of something that is really good to accept what experienced persons would call an indifferent, nay, an inferior article.

Sir Charles was one-and-twenty; the greater part of his minority was passed under the control of a strict and conscientious guardian, who carefully nursed his large property, and who, while preserving his youth from the dangers of the world, debarred him also from the lessons it had to teach. His sister, Sarah Enfield, confided to the selectest of ladies' establishments, met there a friend who more and more interested her brother on the occasions of his visits. Sophia had every qualification to make a young man happy,—beauty, intelligence, accomplishments, birth, and connections of the highest eligibility,—every thing except fortune. The guardian heard of the mutual inclination, and approved; Sophia promised in every way to be a fitting mistress for Enfield Hall; and without any formal engagement being entered into, it so happened that the predestined pair met frequently in London during the first season after Sir Charles's coming of age.

But a London season is a dazzling scene, frequently too dazzling for youthful eyes to gaze at and appreciate steadily. A wealthy baronet just come of age is a sort of rare moth, for whose capture innumerable waxlights are made to beam their inviting rays. Society is a country whose frontiers are coterminous with those of many a doubtful region, of many a dangerous district, into which a certain few are allowed to enter unscandalised and unscathed, while others return only with serious damage to pocket, to reputation, or to both. One of these hazardous provinces is the operatic department; and yet it was nothing either extraordinary or sinful that a young man who could scarcely help being in the fashion should be charmed with what he saw and heard from the audience part of Her Majesty's Theatre; nor that curiosity should lead him to profit by his privilege of taking a peep behind the scenes; nor that, when there, he should reply to the sallies of the laughing artistes, whose saltatory feats astonished him; nor that his conversation with Mademoiselle Athalie should lead to something like acquaintanceship. Her dancing was perfect, her rouge delicately softened off, and her muslins spotless,—that is, when not spotted with gold or silver tinsel.

But a high-spirited girl, full of native pride and rectitude, and free from exclusive provincial life, is displeased to hear of questionable companionships on the part of those on whom her affections begin to be fixed. "Does he take as much pleasure in the society of people like those as in mine?" said Sophia to herself. "Does he think that because he is rich, and I am portionless, I will ever consent to be put on a par with, or neglected for, a public dancer? His sister says it is nothing but thoughtless levity; but if he loves me as I thought he did, his whole attentions ought to be centered in myself. He ought to live for me, and for me alone."

And then there were matrons, with daughters of their own to marry, who would have accepted the life-tenant of any entailed estate with or without indiscretions on his back, who fed Sophia's unhappiness by daily reports how that dear Sir Charles was enjoying the lately-acquired freedom of majority. Sir Charles too was carefully informed of Sophia's displeasure; and the result on him was the sage reflection, that it would never do to give way to women's fancies; that if a man submitted to unreasonable dictation and causeless suspicion before marriage, he might as well make up his mind to yield the pantaloons ever afterwards: and a great deal more wise ratiocination to match. In short, at the end of the season, instead of St. George's, Hanover Square, and bridesmaids, and a *déjeûner*, and a travelling-carriage, the lovers' destiny was a dissolution of any possible partnership by mutual consent. Sophia and her friend Sarah Enfield returned to the country; Sir Charles started, with a courier speaking half a dozen languages, on a German-Swiss-Italian-French tour. Both he and Sophia had separately and firmly vowed in their own minds that they would never again either write to, speak to, think of, or look at, or listen to news of each other; no, never! Really, they meant what they said; no, never!

Travelling, even with a fast courier and plenty of money to spend, palls in time. Man must have a resting-place both for the sole of his foot and the affections of his heart. And so it is no great wonder if Sir Charles, after he had rattled through Bathland, the Alps, the Lakes, and the Pyrenees, did sometimes think with a slight impulsive yearning of his old English country mansion and his old sweetheart Sophia Medhurst. But to go straight home at once, and confess that he had been no better than a foolish hobbledehoy, required more magnanimity than he was gifted with as yet. He therefore made a sort of half-settlement by wintering at Paris, carefully concealing from his most intimate friends the increasing twinges of his *maladie du pays*, or homesickness. The carnival fell early, and with it came the usual succession of operas, balls, and ballets, the most distinguished ornament of the latter being Mademoiselle Athalie herself. Of course the London acquaintance was renewed; but the attentions on the part of the gentleman were invariably so discreet, so respectful, and so delicate, that mademoiselle began to conceive ambitious hopes: her serious Anglais, her formal Sir Enfield, as she called him, might be meditating matrimonial arrangements—with herself. She might be a "miladi;" such things had happened, and therefore might happen again. Her ruling passion had a chance of being gratified in a manner beyond all expectation. Now ambition was not her ruling passion; nor was love, nor vanity: the object of her life was—avarice. Her terpsichorean friends, who knew her best, said that she was not a Jewess certainly, but that most assuredly she was a Jew.

All this while Sarah Enfield kept up a close correspondence with the moody tourist, who replied with very fraternal punctuality. How could a brother and sister alone in the world do otherwise? How, too, could she help mentioning Sophia; and how could a sharp-witted girl like her avoid observing the change in her brother's feelings, and the obvious direction in which they tended? She undertook the office, blessed both on earth and in heaven, of a peace-maker, a mediator, an expunger of ill-will and an exciter of affection. Her diplomacy proceeded with such triumphant success, that one day Sir Charles wrote in black and white, and with his name actually signed at the bottom, that he would gladly return to reside at Enfield if he were assured that Sophia really wished to see him there. By return of post came a letter from Sophia's self, couched in most friendly and yet maidenly phrase, which elicited a rejoinder that we should be glad to be able to reproduce here for the gratification of connoisseurs in love-letters: but it is safe under lock and key in Sophia's casket.

A few days afterwards, a morning visit at Mademoiselle Athalie's elegant apartment concluded with the unexpected announcement,—"I am going to England to-morrow. Can I do anything for you there?"

Mademoiselle felt that her castle in the air was stricken by a thunderbolt; but recovering her presence of mind with admirable promptitude, and remembering doubtless that "out of sight" is only too often "out of mind," she said, "I don't think you can do anything for me *there*; but I want particularly to step to the Palais Royal, and shall be eternally grateful if you will escort me thither."

No gallant young man could decline such a request; the bonnet and shawl were donned with fairy-like rapidity. While passing down the Rue Vivienne, the lady made decided points at every jeweler's shop she passed, which points assumed the character of absolute halts when once the enclosures of the Palais Royal itself was entered; and finally, the most insinuating tones conveyed the suggestion that a parting *souvenir* would be ever treasured nearest to her heart of hearts,—that star-shaped brooch, for instance, would do.

"Let us step in and look at it," carelessly replied Sir Charles. "A very pretty thing," he observed, after examination. "Very good taste;—a five-rayed star, made up of a combination of minute stars, with one large star as the centre-piece. Yes," he continued, after reflecting a while, "this might do. The price?"

"Five thousand francs; only two hundred pounds English. Every brilliant warranted, and the workmanship first-rate. You will not find a cheaper thing in Paris, sir, for the money."

"It is a larger sum than I intended to lay out on a trinket just now, at the end of an expensive tour—"

"We have other things, sir, which are not so costly; for instance, those paste ornaments, which an unprofessional person can hardly distinguish from real diamonds—"

"I will look in again in the course of the afternoon. What other real diamonds have you in stock?"

"Here they are, sir; you can look at them at your pleasure. There is no occasion to hurry."

While Sir Charles was thus occupied, mademoiselle drew the jeweller aside, and thrusting a thousand-franc note into his hand, whispered, "Tiens! When he comes again, tell him, that to secure his custom, you will let him have the star-brooch for four thousand instead of five, although you are a loser by the bargain. Here is the difference, which I pay myself. I have set my heart upon the star."

The inspection ended, the visitors left the shop. Very shortly afterwards Sir Charles took a formal leave of Mademoiselle Athalie, promising to send her some trifling token of remembrance. He then stepped to his banker's to see how his balance stood, and found it more favorable than he expected. With a stock of cash he returned to the Palais Royal, and had a second interview with the jeweler of the star.

Early the next morning the polyglot courier presented himself at mademoiselle's apartment. "My master left Paris last night," he said, "and I am to follow at noon with the baggage; but he charged me to deliver this into your hands."

"How kind of him!" exclaimed Athalie, all smiles and delight. "It is a larger case than I expected. No doubt he has generously added something else."

She hastily unsealed the parcel, to examine its contents; but as soon as they were visible, a doleful change overspread her countenance.

"What's all this?" she cried. "And where's the star?"

"Oh, my master has taken the star to England. He is going to give it to the lady he is to be married to. He said that that complete suit of paste would be much more useful to you when you do princesses and queens upon the stage."

"How much did it cost?" gasped Athalie.

"Five hundred francs, I believe," replied polyglot. "That's pretty well, I think, by way of a 'good-afternoon.'"

"My poor thousand-franc note!" she sighed, in despair. And then—whether there is any sympathy between actresses and couriers, we cannot say—she confided to the grinning messenger the secret of her bad investment.

But she lost nothing in the end; for polyglot, immediately on his arrival at Enfield, whispered the tale to Sophia's lady's-maid; who, as in duty bound, the first time she fastened the brooch-star on her mistress's bosom, accompanied the act by the anecdote. Sophia, sometimes smiling to herself, religiously guarded the mystery till after her marriage; but long before the honeymoon was over, she said to her husband,

"Charles, dear, I want a fifty-pound note. You will oblige me by getting it safely conveyed to that admirable artiste Mademoiselle Athalie, with Lady Enfield's compliments. You don't yet know that she had the generosity to advance part of the funds which purchased the first present you gave me after our foolish quarrel. It was the morning-star of my happiness."

E. S. D.

KISS ME.

Kiss me, love, 'tis Christmas eve,
And perchance, for who can know,
Ere this fleeting year pass by,
Grave-dust may be on my brow.

Kiss me, for my lips are warm,
And they may be very cold,
Asking not for kiss of thine,
Hidden in the quiet mould.

Kiss me, I have loved thee long,
Years thy smiles have been my light,
Calmly looking in thine eyes—
Therefore, kiss me, sweet, to-night.

Kiss me, that when stars grow pale,
Wandering up the heavenly side,
Mourning spirits may not say,
'Twas for love of thee she died.

Kiss me, ere another year,
If the grave-dust cloud my brow,
You will not be very sad,
Knowing that you kissed me so.

A NOTE FROM DR. LARDNER.—That eminent savant, Dr. Dionysius Lardner, has been much annoyed by the current statement that when steam navigation of the ocean was proposed he declared it impracticable. In a letter on this subject, written from his present residence, Palazzo Valli, Naples, April 17th, to a friend in Canada, he says:

"The absurd report you refer to has been so often repeated by so many different persons, that I have long ago given up all notice of it. It is, however, very remarkable that no one has ever yet been able to discover its origin, no one can say where, when or by whom it originated—no speech or writing, published or unpublished, has ever been referred to as containing it; no person has ever been named who ever heard the opinion uttered even in private conversation. It has, therefore, always seemed to me the most inexplicable of all unfounded rumors.

"I think it would not be amiss to request the next person who repeats the story to name the authority from which they received it. It has not even the small shadow of authority of the well-known story of the three black crows; for in that case there was at least something vomited as black as a crow—here there was not even the *color*."

A MEAT DIET.—Do not we hear that the great secret of the astonishing success of the Anglo-Saxon race by land and sea, by which it has "conquered half the world, and bullied the other," is mainly to be ascribed to the good, sound, honest "Roast Beef of Old England!" And have not the Germans their own favorite assertion to the same effect, that the extraordinary vigor which enables them to crush the Celto-Latins on the Po and the Magyaro-Sclavonians on the Danube, is simply due to the tough "Schinken und Wurst" (ham and sausage) on which they feast so plentifully? Do not we know the different results attendant upon the mere fact of feeding a dog rather meat and bones than on oatmeal and garbage? Can there be any doubt that man, an omnivorous animal, must be in a great measure amenable to dietetic rules and principles? And if so, what can we expect from the paste and rice-messes of the Italians, from the overdone meats, the all-pervading softness and thinness and sweetness of their daily food? May they not have in some measure to answer for the weakness and idleness, the mental prostration and moral relaxation, with which they are charged?—*Country Life in Piedmont, by Antonio Gallenga.*

THE TEACHINGS OF WAR.—I heard one urchin, of four or five years, say to another, during the siege, "You fire round shot, and I'll return shell from my battery." Another, getting into a rage with his playmates, said, "I hope you may be shot by the enemy." Others (playing with grape shot, instead of marbles) would be heard to say, "That's clean through his lungs;" or "That wants more elevation."—*Anderson's Siege of Lucknow.*

THE EARTH AND MOON.

M. Leconterier, an eminent Professor at Paris, has recently published a work upon the planetary system, giving the latest impressions of scientific men upon the subject. The following deeply interesting article is derived from his chapter upon the moon:—

We are arrived then at the surface of the moon, and a sublimely terrible scene lies before us. Naught but silence and desolation reigns throughout our short-lived satellite. Although far younger than her mother, earth, who still continues vigorous and green, she is already stiff, stark, and inanimate. That the moon is considerably junior to the earth, is no modern phantasy. In ancient times, the Arcadians, who wished to be considered the most ancient of all existing nations, conceived the clever idea of enriching their coats of arms and heightening their nobility, by claiming descent from ancestors who lived at an epoch when the earth had no attendant moon. They assumed the title of Proseleni, that is anterior to the moon.

That men dwelt on earth before the birth of the moon, is more than doubtful; it is highly improbable, for several forcible considerations, although certain terrestrial plants and animals might have enjoyed a pre-lunar existence. The latest teachings of modern science tend to prove that while chaos reigned, while the earth was without form and void, the atmosphere was so heavy, deep, and thick, was in such a state of density, laden with innumerable matters which now form part of the globe, that light could not penetrate its murky veil. Darkness was upon the face of the deep. Afterwards, when the vast atmospheric laboratory had fulfilled its office, and had deposited, among other things, all the water which now fills the seas, there was light. But a calm was far from being established on the surface of the globe when it was first covered by the primitive waters. The vibratory movements of the earth's incandescent mass did not cease then, and have not ceased yet. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and upraisings of mountains, must have been frequent. Then appeared the primeval plants, developing themselves with extraordinary vigor in the hypercarbonated atmosphere; then, came the monstrous reptiles, and the numerous races of marine animals, whose remains we find petrified in strata of flint and calcareous rock. The marvellous preservation, to this very day, of their minutest details of structure, proves the deep tranquillity which reigned in the ocean at the epoch when these creatures met their death. There could be no tides in the antelunar seas, since the tides are owing to the moon, and the moon as yet was not. The majority of fossil animals remain so complete and uninjured in their organisation, that they look as if they had met with sudden death, by some general cause of suffocation, in the midst of the profoundest quiet of nature.

And then came the most fearful catastrophe which has ever occurred on the face of the earth. Will a similar cataclysm ever take place at any future time? Several very powerful arguments tend to prove that it may and will. The stupendous event was no less than this. An explosive eruption of inconceivable extent and violence shook the whole frame of the earth, and she relieved herself by shooting out into the open space a mass of matter in a state of fusion, in the midst of which mass were carried away portions of the solid crust of the globe. The projected heap of fiery substance was naturally arrested at the point where the sphere of the earth's attraction ceases and that of the sun's preponderance commences; it was then carried away by the earth as she advanced in her orbit, and became henceforth her satellite. The volume of the material torn off by this fearful explosion was equivalent to, and is still equivalent to, the forty-ninth part of the earth's whole mass. This fragment of the globe was blown away from the part of the world now covered by oceans. A deep abyss was hollowed out; it filled rapidly. The waters under the heaven were gathered together unto one place, and the dry land appeared. The earth assumed somewhat of its present aspect; it brought forth grass and fruit-trees; and, above all, there rode in the firmament the lesser light to rule the night. All pre-existing animals must have been smitten at once with death; they were intombed in mud and mummified in sandstone, leaving their place unoccupied and clear for the new creation which was to follow them.

Three facts of a different nature (geological, hydrographical, and astronomical) are alleged in evidence that the earth was once without a moon. Geology proves that the majority of the strata which intervene between the primitive and the diluvian formations were deposited at the bottom of perfectly tranquil waters which almost entirely enveloped the globe. But, if the seas accompanied the earth in its rotatory and progressive motion without being subject to the slightest disturbance, the reason is, that the flux and influx of the tides were still unknown; in other words, the moon did not exist.

Again; the real basin of the ocean is far from having the precise extent and configuration which we behold when we walk along its shores. In the neighborhood of low lands, the depth of the sea gradually increases up to a certain distance, when you suddenly come upon a precipitous, submarine cliff, which plunges perpendicularly, and the waters beyond it are bottomless; that is, the bottom becomes impossible or difficult to fathom. In other localities, at the foot of lofty sea-washed cliffs composed of primitive rock, these immeasurable depths are immediately met with. The space inclosed within these gigantic walls of granite, constitutes the veriest basin of the ocean. The fact is inexplicable on the theory of a gradual upheaving of the earth's outer shell; because the edge of the ocean's basin is not inclined, but vertical. Its sides are exactly like the broken edge of an exploded bomb. A portion of the terrestrial crust has clearly been either thrust out or knocked in; but it cannot have been driven in, because its borders would be oblique and not perpendicular; they would offer a resemblance to a chain of mountains overthrown. But if this very large portion of the earth's shell has not been crushed in (and it is most probable that it has not), but has been blown out and away;—where has it gone to? We behold it shining overhead.

Thirdly: if the moon be a confused agglomeration of solid and melted substances violently discharged from off and out of the earth, it ought to be bristling with mountains proportionally loftier than our own; and such is the fact. It ought to have a volcanic aspect; and such is the fact. Containing heaps of pumice-stone and ashes exploded pell-mell, its density ought to be less than the earth's; and such is the fact.

But now that we are on the moon, let us take advantage of the opportunity and look around. It is the abomination of desolation, a solid, desert, silent heap of ruins, never refreshed by a drop of moisture nor fanned by a breath of air. The monotonous black sky is never overspread with mists nor traversed by the lightning's flash. The hills never echo the pealing of thunder, the cries of wild animals, nor the howling of tempests. There is a perfect stillness and a perfect immobility to which that of the tomb offers no comparison. There is no atmosphere, no respirable air; there are no seas, lakes, nor rivers; no clouds, rain, nor dew. No change of seasons; no showers, hail, nor snow, since there is no water.

An atmosphere is the link which connects animals with vegetables; what the one give out in the air, the others absorb from it; in point of fact, it may be said, that, as far as their organic elements are concerned, plants and animals, deriving their substance from the air, are nothing else but condensed air. But the moon has no atmosphere, and consequently no plants or animals. There is not the slightest trace of vegetation, not even the gray or yellow lichens which are found on the sunburnt rocks of an African desert. There is no heaped-up pile of materials which is not due to unaided chance; there is not the least apparent symmetry of form which can indicate any purpose on the part of an operator. There are only lofty barren mountains, the fragments of our exploded globe, cemented together by volcanic lava or split into unfathomable chinks and crevices. The land has the aspect of a volcanic country; it merely bears the impress of its birth. There are vast circular crater-like hollows; but they are merely concavities and depressions produced by the contraction of the moon's substance during the process of cooling. We see others like them, on a smaller scale, in a multitude of matters; in metal, rosin, fat, and wax, which gradually pass from a liquid to a solid state by the loss of heat. The moon has become torpid by the radiation of the whole of her native warmth. She has died of cold, if you will; she is frozen to death.

On earth we have no veritable death, like that which reigns throughout the moon; we have only change of form and constitution.—We have not that condition of absolute repose, that unalterable stillness, that unchanging rigidity, that sterile, atmosphereless, arid state of fixed solidity, which constitutes the death of the moon. What we call a dead body, is not dead; an ancient Egyptian mummy tries hard to attain a real death, in vain. Were it truly dead, it would remain the same as it was at the moment when death seized it, for thousands and thousands of years; it would continue the same dead body for ever. But it corrupts; it decomposes. Now corruption is a force, a potent agent, which is the harbinger of life to come; and thus the corruptible puts on incorruption, and the mortal puts on immortality. In the moon, there appears to be neither life, nor death, nor change, nor renovation; there is stable equilibrium—a negation of every vital movement—and that is all.

Only one face of the moon is visible to dwellers on earth, namely that which is constantly turned towards us. This face has been carefully mapped, and names have been given to all the most considerable mountains (for whom the greatest philosophers have stood godfather), as well as to numerous plains and hollows, which were called by the first observers, seas. Of the mountains, one thousand and ninety-five have had their height accurately measured. Thirty-nine of them are loftier than Mont Blanc; six are higher than Cotopaxi; and two reach an elevation only a little inferior to that of the topmost summits of the Himalayas. The satellite is therefore comparatively a much more mountainous country than the planet; to carry out the same proportions, the height to which our mountains tower would have to be very nearly quadrupled. Only fancy a magnified Mont Blanc of four times the perpendicular altitude of that which overlooks the vale of Chamouni!

At the foot of the lunar mountains there generally exist cavities of prodigious depth: thus, Mount Newton, situated near the north limb of the moon, overtops an abyss which remains in perpetual darkness; it never receives either the direct light of the sun or the reflected light of the earth. Close to the Peak of Aristarchus there must be a chasm which is unparalleled by anything on earth. A Spanish naval officer, Don Antonio Ulloa, observed during the total eclipse of seventeen hundred and seventy-eight, a luminous point which shone successively like stars of the fourth, third, and second magnitude. Ulloa explained what he had seen by supposing the sun's rays to have penetrated through a fissure in the lunar globe, whose entire depth, according to Lalande's calculations, could not have been less than two hundred and fifty miles. Ulloa's hole, although astronomers refused to acknowledge it, was again seen during the total eclipse of eighteen hundred and forty-two by Don Pedro Vieta of Barcelona, who stated the additional circumstance that the hole was crooked. While observing the same eclipse, Monsieur Valz, the learned director of the observatory at Marseilles, saw, during the total obscuration, several brilliant luminous points of the solar disc through cracks or perforations in the moon. The stream of light exactly resembled a ray of sunshine darting into a darkened room through a hole in the shutter. In this case, the moon must have an open chink three hundred and fifty miles long from one aperture to the other.

But enough of these colossal horrors, which have neither life nor variety to recommend them. There is a monotony in the desolation reigning in the moon, to which scenes of earthly sublimity have but a faint and distant resemblance. Let us change the direction of our lunar prospect; let us look up to the sky—or what ought to be the sky—and there we behold the noble aspect of the earth shining overhead, an enormous globe, almost stationary in respect to its position in the heavens, although presenting the same phases of crescent, full, and waning earth as the moon displays every month to us, only on a scale just thirteen times larger. What a marvellous panorama is exhibited by the earth viewed from the moon! Verily, if there really be no Selenites, or moon-men, hidden in the depths of her valleys, it is a great pity that such a magnificent spectacle should not have constant admirers, instead of being only peeped at now and then by occasional enthusiastic travellers like ourselves. It may be a good thing, however, for us that there should be no moonites in existence; for if they took any offence or bore any grudge against us, they might contrive to do us considerable damage. The weight of any substance at the surface of the moon is about five times less than it is on earth. From this datum, Lagrange and Laplace calculated that if the moonites had sufficient industry and manufacturing resources to fabricate large pieces of artillery, they might easily shoot the earth, by taking good aim, without its being even possible for us to have our revenge by returning their cannon-balls and shooting the moon.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

A TRUE STORY OF A ROBIN.

We doubt if the records of ornithology furnish a more striking instance of affection and sensibility than is displayed in the following story of a robin, which we can vouch to be authentic:—"The servant of a lady residing at the north part of Brighton, whilst occupied one day in the scullery, was startled by a noise, which, at first, was supposed to be occasioned by a mouse; but, on examination of the various pots and pans in the place, she at length discovered the true origin of the disturbance. It was a young robin, which had found its way into a bright copper coal-scuttle. She succeeded in capturing it, and took it into the parlor to her mistress, where it soon made itself quite at home, and ate the sopped bread which was placed on its little beak. In a short time it was quite happy in its comfortable quarters; but, as some of its habits were not quite consistent with the cleanliness of a lady's sitting-room, and the lady had no wish to confine it to a cage, full opportunity was given to the little stranger to recover its liberty, by the window being thrown open. Of this opportunity, however, the robin only availed itself to a certain extent—that is, it would fly out, but invariably return at a certain hour of the day, and its practice was then to perch upon a certain flounce of the lady's dress, and then, looking into its mistress's face, it would pour forth its cheerful little song. This went on for some time, until, one afternoon, when the robin was in its accustomed place, a friend called who wished the lady to accompany her for a walk, and then came the question, what was to be done with the robin? There it was on its favorite flounce, and the lady was a prisoner until it flew off. It had not yet sung its song, but its mistress, anxious to join her visitor, at last took up a handkerchief, and, waving it, said 'You must go now, Bobby. Good-by.' The bird took the hint immediately, and flew out of the window. On the following day its coming was looked for at the accustomed hour as a matter of course; and the window was left open as usual. But no robin came. Another and another day passed, and no robin, until at last it was given up for lost, to the infinite regret of the lady, and the great indignation of the old servant, who, sympathizing with the bird, said, 'Of course Missus couldn't expect Bobby to return after being treated in such a manner.' There was, however, no help for it. Every reparation would have been made, and apology offered, that could heal the wound inflicted upon the bird's feelings; but, like a slighted lover or injured friend, he kept aloof.

"And now comes the most singular story. One day the lady who had owned the robin was walking by herself along Rose-hill terrace, when suddenly she was alarmed and almost blinded by something striking against her face. She thought at first that it was a stone thrown by some careless boy; but on recovering from the confusion of the moment, to her astonishment, she perceived the true perpetrator of the assault. There, on a paling close by, sat the robin—her own Bobby, singing his old song as loudly as ever; and, having finished it, he again took flight. And from that moment the lady has never seen the bird. We can vouch for these facts, singular as they may appear, and affording as they do such powerful evidence, not only of the intelligence and affection of the robin, but of the acute sensibility of the bird; its almost human power of 'taking to heart' and resenting what had the appearance of an act of unkindness."—*Brighton (England) Guardian.*

ANECDOTE OF MADAME MALIBRAN.—Templeton, while performing with Madame Malibran, had observed that she treated him in a most unbecoming and rude manner, and he was advised to call upon her and inquire whether, by any unintentional offence, he had incurred her displeasure. He did so, and her reply, between an inclination to laugh, and a disposition to be serious, was:

"I thought you wanted, sir, to kiss me."

At this time she was the idol of the people; peers would have given their coronets to press only the tips of her fingers, and the world at large was sighing at her feet, but the phlegmatic songster exclaimed:

"Gudeness! is that all? Mak your mind easy; I would na' kiss you for any consideration," and shaking hands, left the house.

HOW TO GET RID OF A CARGO.—The principal temple of Siam, oddly enough, is decorated on the outside with English crockery ware. An English merchant, who had taken a ship load of it to Siam, and finding no market for the plates and dishes, gave out that the temples in England were ornamented with them, and thereupon the cargo met with a ready sale, and was stuck on the walls of the temple, some of the ewers and other vessels being selected to ornament the tops of the principal gateways. The above would seem to show that the "Yankees" get their shrewdness honestly from the "mother country."

A ROMANTIC AND PATHETIC STORY

OF REAL LIFE.

The Cleveland Herald relates the following affecting narrative, which is represented to be no less true than strange:—

"We yesterday learned the denouement of a painful story, equal to the most trifling romance in interest, but with the circumstances and actors of which we were personally well acquainted.

"Some twelve years ago, two young men, named Clyma and Paull, lived in a small village not far from the sea coast, in the extreme west of England. Both were miners and workers in the same mine, near the village. Both paid their addresses to the same maiden, though not with equal success. Clyma prospered so well in his suit that a day was appointed for the nuptials, and in due course the banns of marriage were asked in the village church on the first of the three Sundays prescribed by the English canon law.

"Before the second Sunday came round, the rivals met at a wrestling match in the village, and it chanced that the turn came for them to wrestle together. Paull was excited, and endeavored to give his successful rival in love a 'nicked fall,' but his eagerness worked his defeat. He was thrown to the ground amid the shouts of the villagers. On springing to his feet, he swore that he would be revenged, and that Clyma should never marry his intended bride. From that day he took to drinking deeply, and hurled imprecations on his rival.

"The day before that fixed for the marriage, Paull told all his acquaintances that he would be at the wedding, and would find means to prevent its taking place. Knowing his determined character, Clyma appeared alarmed at the threat, and got some friends to intercede with Paull, but in vain.

"Late that night, Clyma left the house of his intended bride for his own cottage. The way lay across a patch of barren moor, where there were several open mine shafts, which had been deserted, and the bottoms of whose black depths were now covered with several fathoms of water. About the same hour, Paull was seen crossing to the same patch of moor from another direction. A miner, who passed a little later toward the mine where he worked—it being his turn for night work - averred, the next day, that he heard a noise, as if of a dispute and scuffle, but it was too dark to distinguish any one.

"The marriage was to take place at eleven o'clock in the morning at the village church. Long before that hour the village was the scene of great excitement. The hat and neckerchief of Paull—the latter torn and bloody—had been found near the deepest of the abandoned pit-shafts, and of Paull himself nothing could be found, nor had he been seen since he went towards the moor on the preceding night. The ground where the articles had been found bore traces of a scuffle having taken place, and to crown the whole, two buttons recognized as belonging to Clyma's coat were discovered among the earth and stones. To those ominous facts Clyma could only reply that he had met Paull at the place mentioned, during the night; that high words were followed by a scuffle; and that he had beaten Paull, who had retired cursing him.

"This account was not considered satisfactory, and Clyma was taken into custody to await further developments. Several days passed away; an examination was made of the pit and the surrounding locality; but no trace could be found of the body. It was argued, however, that if a stone was attached to the body before it was thrown into the pit, so as to sink it, there would be no probability of its ever being found. After several examinations before a magistrate, the accused was released from custody, but only to be shunned as a murderer by the whole community.

"In the meantime, the intended bride became sick through excitement; a violent fever was succeeded by a wasting illness, and after lingering some months, she died of a broken heart. These accumulated ills were too much for the unhappy object of general suspicion, and in less than twelve months after what should have been his wedding day, he became the inmate of an insane asylum, where he still remains a hopeless lunatic.

"Among the relatives of Clyma was a sister, married to a farmer who, two or three years after the unhappy occurrence related above, removed to this country and settled down on a farm in Northern Illinois. About ten days since, this sister, while about taking cars in Chicago for home, suddenly encountered the supposed murdered man. Her excitement was intense. Drawing him on one side, she made herself known to Paull, and was immediately recognized by him.

"The explanation given by him of his disappearance, was that he had met Clyma on the eventful night with the purpose of beating and disfiguring him so that he could not be married on the succeeding day, but that his rival was more than a match for him. Burning with rage at his discomfiture, he had rushed off without knowing or caring what became of himself, and, on reaching the beach, had taken an old leaky boat, and pulled directly out to sea.—Next morning, when the boat was nearly sinking, he was picked up by an outward-bound ship, which took him to New Orleans. Since then he had resided several years in California and in the United States, had become moderately rich, and was now on his way to his native home, with which he had maintained no communication since his abrupt departure. On learning the sad events which had occurred in the meantime, he immediately accompanied his sister to her home in Illinois, and, after the necessary arrangements were made, he started with her for England, in order to repair, as far as possible, the mischief which had been done.

"They passed through Cleveland last evening on their way East, and happening accidentally to meet them at the depot, we learned the sequel to the sad story, with the earlier portions of which we were already acquainted.

"They go on a joyful yet mournful errand. The good name of the unhappy condemned can be reclaimed, but none can restore his shattered reason, or rescue the broken-hearted dead from her early grave."

Sydney and the Lady.—The following is going the rounds—but we rather doubt its authenticity:—

A witty literary lady, well known in London, was travelling the other day in a railway carriage. The only other occupant of the compartment in which she was seated was a fat, vulgar-looking young man, with a white neckcloth, oiled, sleek hair, prominent teeth, and a self-satisfied air. The individual contrived very adroitly to make the conversation turn upon the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. The dialogue soon became exceedingly warm and animated, the lady expressing the utmost aversion for the preacher in question as an illiterate mountebank, and the gentleman extolling him to the seventh heavens as the most glorious man of the age, and the Demosthenes of the pulpit.

On arriving at the station where the lady's journey terminated, the gentleman said:

"Good-morning, madam."

And the lady replied with a bewitching smile—

"I wish you a pleasant afternoon, Mr. Spurgeon."

The Park street phenomenon was horrified, and drawing his hat over his brow, rejoined in a very penitential voice:

"I own I have been betrayed into vanity, but the devil prompted me—the devil prompted me."

The Plaquemine (La.) Gazette, of the 12th ultimo, states that the plantation of the late Samuel T. Harrison, some three or four miles from Bayou Goula, was purchased on the 5th by the son of Cyprien Ricard, a free woman of color, for $240,600, at sheriff's sale. The mother of the purchaser owns a large plantation in the neighborhood.

WHY IS FRANCE ARMING?

The London Times asks the question why France is increasing her army and navy, and it appears to regard the fact as one ominous of future trouble: It adds:—

"It may be that the peculiar form of government in which France has seen fit to indulge necessitates some increase of the army for purposes of domestic repression, and we would much rather believe it so than suppose she is marshalling her forces for some foreign war; but, if we grant that the army is increased for the purpose of insuring domestic tranquillity, on what ground are we to account for the corresponding and cotemporaneous augmentation of her fleet? The navy has always been a favorite force in England, because, among other reasons, it is a force which cannot readily be used for the purpose of coercing the people. In France the same principle must apply, and we are at a loss to know for what pacific purpose a large steam navy is being prepared. France has but few colonies, and those of inconsiderable extent. She has no large foreign commerce to protect, no refractory India to reconquer and reorganize. She has nothing to fear from a descent on her coasts from any foreign power. Why, then, is France arming and augmenting her navy?

"We have a right to ask the question: for whatever be the enemy against whom the thunderbolt is forged, there is no doubt that these warlike preparations in a time of profound peace tend to inflict upon us, in common with the rest of our neighbors, many of the calamities and miseries of war. If France will insist on increasing her armies and her navies, she forces us, her neighbors and her allies, to do the same. We have too much at stake within this little island of ours to be content to exist by the permission and on the sufferance of any ally, however faithful—of any foreign Prince, however magnanimous. History warns us against incurring the fate of those nations who have trusted the power of the sword in other hands than those in which they were content to trust their freedom. If France is determined to arm, we must either be content to lie at her mercy or prepare to arm to. If she increases her regular army we can hardly do less than call out and embody our militia. If she insists upon increasing her navy, she forces us most unwillingly, from the barest considerations of prudence, to undergo the expense of a channel fleet. We would, then, take the liberty respectfully to submit to the Emperor Napoleon that it is the sincere wish of this country to be his good friend and true ally; that to this end we have made many sacrifices, and are prepared to make many more; but he asks too much of us if he expects that he is at once to enjoy whatever power, support, or influence his alliance with England may give him, and at the same time to inflict upon us by his vast military and naval preparations a war expenditure which we are most unwilling to incur, and which casts upon us many of the evils of a state of actual hostilities. In politics many things apparently discordant may be made compatible, but it is impossible that two powerful and neighboring nations can at the same time be arming against each other and united in close alliance and cordial friendship.

The Free Lovers of New York.—The New York Times says this organization is still kept up in New York, but in such a quiet, cautious manner as to prevent being broken up as formerly by the city authorities. The headquarters is at the "Unitary Household," a large brick house, four stories high, on Stuyvesant street. It lies close under the shadow of St. Mark's Church, is not far removed from the great City Libraries—the Astor, Historical and Mercantile—is within whispering distance of the Bible House, and altogether occupies a position nearly as central as though located on Broadway. About twenty of the members live here on the Fourier plan, and the evening meetings of the society are held here, where general subjects of reform are proposed. Politics, religion and morality are all declared to lie in a decayed state. A secret plan of operations is being agreed upon, as men can be found who are zealous enough to be willing to undertake the labors of wire-pulling. Several Americans among the male portion of these congregations belong to the Red Republican associations which have sprung up in the city, and some of these figured conspicuously in the obsequies held in honor of Orsini. The old Socialist champions are busy with the propagation of their disputed theories. And the women are enthusiastic devotees of that loose doctrine which declares the marriage obligation a matter, as Mr. Toots would observe, "of no consequence." At the weekly gatherings there is now an average attendance of eighty to ninety persons. The numbers are nearly equally divided between the sexes. It is intended that each particular "affinity" shall enjoy the privilege of the society of another "affinity;" and the mates who may be "passionally attracted" find the occasion of a meeting consoling and refreshing. An especial invitation is necessary to ensure admittance, and this invitation must be renewed every week.

Revolutionizing a Plantation.—One of the editors of the Evening Post, now travelling at the South, tells the following story, related by Col. Strouther, of Berkley Springs, Va., who is the "Porte Crayon" whose illustrated articles in Harper's Monthly have delighted the readers of that magazine. It was about an energetic young naval officer who determined to introduce the discipline of the service, and the modern improvements upon his newly inherited estate on the James river, which, under the old management, had gone far into dilapidation:—

On his arrival he ordered the old crazy ploughs, the spades, rakes, and the other antiquated implements, to be collected in a heap and burned in presence of the whole plantation. The next day the miserable horses and cattle were collected together and shot. On the day following the old barns and outhouses were fired and consumed. On the next day he commanded the terror stricken slaves to be led out, and the overseer to pronounce which of them were inefficient and deserving of death. About one hundred and fifty were thus picked out and led to execution. An immense howl and outcry for mercy, mingled with promises of good behavior, arose. The master at first appeared immovable, but the pre-arranged intercession of the overseer finally induced him to relent, and allow them a further probation of a year and a half. At this exhibition of clemency, the gratitude of the poor negroes knew no bounds. A new spirit of industry seized them, and in a year or two, with the erection of new buildings, and the introduction of new methods of agriculture, the energetic young master could boast one of the best ordered and most productive plantations in the State.

Triple Elopement in Mississippi.—The Marshall county correspondent of the Richmond (Va.) Dispatch, under date of May 28, says—I have just learned that there is quite an excitement prevailing in Holly Springs, caused by an elopement on the night of the 20th instant, of three young men of that place, with as many young ladies, all students of the female college.

As soon as the discovery was made by the faculty, the telegraph was brought in use to try to head the young folks. Memphis, and several other towns in Tennessee, connected to Holly Springs by railroad, were telegraphed to, but too late—the lovers had gotten too far a start to be overtaken and stopped, even by lightning. A dispatch was received from Summerville, Tenn., saying that the runaways had arrived there safely, and were all married. I understand that the ladies are all from a distance. One is a half Indian, (very rich, of course,) from the Indian territory: another hails from the State of Louisiana: the other from the southern portion of this State—Mississippi.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The bill extending the elective franchise in the counties to occupyers of £10 tenements, the same as in boroughs, was read a second time by a majority of 58, notwithstanding the opposition of the Government.

In the House of Commons, on the 11th ult., it was announced that the Government had sent a despatch to India, disapproving of the policy of annexation, and disavowing the annexation of Dahr.

The House of Commons agreed to a Council for the government of India, to consist of from twelve to fifteen members.

The British steamer Porcupine sailed on the 3d ult. for Newfoundland, to await the arrival of the U. S. steamer Niagara, and her tender, the British steamer Gorgon, to assist in landing the telegraph cable.

The French ministerial journals support the American cause in relation to the right of search.

The eruption of Mount Vesuvius continued, but no further serious results were reported.

It is rumored that the British Government intend to call out additional militia.

The Times returns to the question of the great naval armaments going on in France, and says that all the assurances in the world cannot do away with the impressions this is calculated to produce. England is just the country to suffer by a race. Let her take care that a third tempest shall not find her unprepared as in India and the Crimea.

In the House of Commons, Sir Charles Napier asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer if it was his intention to ask for an additional vote for seamen and marines, in consequence of the preparations making in some parts of Europe by sea and land, and whether, when the additional troops were sent to India, it was the intention of the Government to call out an equal number of the militia to replace them. He contended that, from the present state of the army and navy in France, an attack upon England might be made with great chance of success.

Mr. D'Israeli said that the Government was sensible of the responsibility under which it lay, both of defending England and vindicating its flag. The gallant Admiral seemed to assume that those with whom it was now on terms of cordial friendship, not only intended to attack it, but to attack it suddenly, without the usual forms of declarations of war. It was on terms not only of friendly, but of constant and confidential communication with France. There was no proof that any extraordinary preparations were making by sea or land in any country in Europe. England was now engaged in intimate endeavors with France to settle the most delicate subjects, and with every prospect of success. It was true that questions had arisen between England and America, which were of an embarrassing and even of a mischievous nature; but these are incidents accidental to public affairs, and he believed that nothing would occur to disturb permanently the friendly feeling between the two nations. It was most injurious to the interests of England to assume that other nations entertained hostile intentions. This policy of suspicion was as unjust to other powers as it was hurtful to England. The Government had within a few hours received a proof of the friendly feeling from a power whose real disquietude had been fear. Mr. D'Israeli then made a similar statement to that made by Lord Malmesbury in the House of Lords, concerning the Cagliari affair.

Sundry other members spoke upon the subject, and Sir John Pakington declared his conviction that at the shortest notice England could assemble a fleet which would be able to cope with that of any country.

The India resolutions were taken up, and after the rejection of a proposition by Lord John Russell to limit the Council to twelve members, it was resolved that it should consist of not more than fifteen nor less than twelve.

A report is in circulation at Paris that it is in contemplation to marry the Princess Alice, of England, aged 13, to the Count de Paris, aged 18. The story is improbable.

The Court Journal says there is now little doubt, from the state of negotiations between Her Majesty and King Leopold, of Belgium, on the subject of a family alliance, that the affair will be speedily communicated to both houses of Parliament.

Admission of the Jews.—The Times has reason to believe that a circular has been issued by Lord Derby to his supporters, which announces the intention of the government to offer no further opposition to the admission of the Jews to Parliament. While thus conceding the political expediency of this admission, Lord Derby seizes the occasion to reiterate his moral conviction that the Jews ought not to sit in Parliament.

On the 10th, in the House of Lords, Lord Goderich asked the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, whether there was any truth in the statements alleged to have been made by Mr. Mason, United States Minister to France, that there had been some communication between the Governments of England and France, upon the subject of the exportation of negroes from the West Coast of Africa, in the course of which the British Government had informed Count Walewski that they would not object to the French scheme for that purpose while the wants of the British Colonies are being supplied by the Coolie trade.

Mr. Fitzgerald said there must have been some grave misapprehension on the part of Mr. Mason in the statement he was alleged to have made. There had certainly been frequent communications with the Government of France, but they principally consisted of expressions of regret that such a scheme should have originated, and still more that it should have been persisted in by the French Government. No concession had been made at any time, or of any kind, nor was there any intention of making any. The French Government had, however, consented to the appointment of a commission to inquire into the scheme, and of that commission the British Government could name one member.

Rowing by Ladies.—A correspondent of the Cheltenham (Eng.) Examiner, calls attention to the practice now becoming fashionable at the Pittville Spa, of ladies taking boat exercise on the lake. He says: "There is no exercise that I know of more calculated to expand the chest and give a healthy tone to the system generally, than that of rowing. Followed in moderation, it is an amusement which ladies, and particularly young ladies, would do well to patronize. It calls into healthy action the whole muscular system, without inducing that degree of fatigue which the same amount of exercise in any other way is apt to engender." It is no uncommon thing, we (*Cheltenham Examiner*) understand, to see parties of ladies thus amusing themselves by the hour in "paddling the light canoe." The Emperor of France spends a couple of hours every day at Fontainebleau, rowing, his Majesty's physicians having recommended that form of taking exercise.

A Simple and Effectual Method of extracting air from fruit cans has been patented, and the invention is now for sale in this city, at No. 104 south Eighth street. The fruit can when filled is entirely closed except a small hole in the top for the air to escape, which hole is covered with oiled silk. Over the can is placed an empty vessel, called an exhauster. A small piece of sponge on the end of a stick, and wet with alcohol, is lighted and dropped in, and an India rubber ball placed on top of the exhauster. The combustion of the alcohol consumes and expels the air in the exhauster, and the ball prevents its return, consequently a vacuum is formed. When the exhauster is removed, the silk drops and prevents the return of air to the can, which affords an opportunity to seal the aperture with wax. The invention seems to be a good, practical one, and if so, housekeepers will not be long without it.

"LOVE CONQUERS ALL THINGS."

A remarkable instance of the stratagems love will resort to in order to gain its object, has just occurred in Cheltenham. Residing within a hundred miles of the post-office, was Miss —— and her stern "parient," Col. ——. The young lady, aged twenty, who, of course, possessed all the charms and accomplishments which constitute a heroine, had been in due form courted by a fine young gentleman of independent means, and the "two fond hearts" agreed to become one. The happy day when this consummation was to be realized was appointed some time last month. Bridesmaids were invited, and all the other flattering and fascinating concomitants of a passage from single blessedness to the holy state of matrimony were arranged, including the preparation of splendid dresses, &c. The happy morning arrived, but not with the anticipated happiness:

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

for the father, from some cause at present unexplained, refused to "give his daughter away," and the young lady, amidst tears and sobs, was conveyed away to another town, and kept a close prisoner. She was, however, soon brought back to her home, but kept most rigidly guarded, probably owing to a carriage having been seen waiting near the residence. However, this state of things could not last forever. The young lady, put on her mettle, and knowing that her lover was at hand, resolved on a bold expedient to gain her liberty, and what she prized still dearer, a handsome husband.

The tender bird was caged in an upper front room, and having arranged everything for a precipitate flight, on Tuesday evening last the fair prisoner set fire to her apartment. The excited father rushed in and commenced breaking the windows and calling for water. The window curtains, table covers, &c., were soon consumed, and an alarm being raised, the front door was forced open. The fire, however, was soon got under without any general alarm being created, only a few persons in the street witnessing it.

As soon as the door was opened the young lady, without attempting to put out the fire, or even waiting for bonnet, shawl or cloak, made her escape, and was soon in the arms of her intended husband, and conveyed beyond the reach of her angry father, who, as soon as the fire was extinguished, discovered his loss, and by what manœuvre, his daughter had eluded his vigilance. In a day or two Colonel —— received a letter informing him that his daughter was married, and was living most happily with her husband. The event has caused much gossip and amusement in the town, and furnished another to the already innumerable instances on record of the power of love to conquer all things.—*Gloucester (Eng.) Journal.*

The Walled Lakes of the West.—Professor Daniels, State geologist of Wisconsin, says, in a recent letter to G. P. Delaplaine of Madison:

"I have just read the notice of a *Walled Lake* in Wright county, Iowa, to which you called my attention. I recognised in the description a phenomenon common in the north-west, though perhaps rarely exhibited as perfectly as in the case here stated. Walls similar to that described occur around many of our lakes, and around marshes which have been lakes at a comparatively recent period.

"Those walls are usually composed of boulders, and exhibit varying degrees of regularity, from mere confused heaps of rock to the compact structure, and appearance of an artificial wall. They are due to the conjoint action of those potent agencies, ice and water, acting upon the drift formation which is always found where those walled lakes occur. Let us suppose a lake occupying a basin surrounded by banks of drift. Let it be understood that the drift of this region consists of attenuating beds of sand, gravel and clay, intermingled with boulders. The action of the waves and falling rains upon the banks will remove the lighter and finer particles, from year to year, far into the lake. The boulders, commingled with the fine material, being heavy and difficult of transport, will drop down nearly at the points where they lay, and remain scattered along the margin of the lake.

"If, now, the lake is frozen, the expansive force of the ice pushes up everything movable near the shore, and forms a ridge at the uppermost limit reached by the congealed water in expanding. This ridge will consist mainly of boulders, covered by and mixed with sand, gravel, and the exuvia of the shore. When the ice melts, everything but the boulders is soon washed away on the side of the ridge towards the lake; and the boulders are there exposed, forming a rough wall. Subsequent congelations crowd the boulders closer together, against the bank or ridge, and render the wall more perfect. In this manner the lakes of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota have often become girt with walls, having a very artificial character, properly referable to physical laws, operating under peculiar circumstances.

"Several other lakes exist in our immediate vicinity, around whose shores the parallel ridges and lines of boulders mark the ancient action of the same causes. The third lake exhibits this agency very finely; and a very extensive marsh, including about 1,500 acres of bog and peat, ten miles west of this place, shows a very splendid specimen of this natural wall-building, several miles in length. This is Lake Menona, which forms the southeast boundary of our city. This marsh, like most other marshes, was the basin of an ancient lake, and the distribution of its boulders marks its outer limits. It is not uncommon for the ridges and walls to be pushed up much higher than the adjacent land outside. There is no difficulty in supposing, therefore, that the water in the lake might thus stand at a level above the land beyond the bank beyond its barriers.

"I see nothing in the Iowa case that should constitute it an exception. In your minute observation in the west, you must have encountered frequent cases of this kind."

Lightning Rods and Gas Pipes.—Sunday afternoon New Haven was visited with a severe thunder storm. The lightning struck the Worcester Place Church, sensibly affecting a lady in the choir. Prof. Olmstead and the architect carefully examined the course of the electricity, and agree that the charge descended the rod to the level of the gas pipe in the wall, when a part of it left the rod and found its way to the earth by way of the meter, and thence to the main gas-pipes of the city. The excellent conducting medium which these pipes afford makes them powerful competitors for the discharging function of a lightning-rod, and thus when the rod is nearly or fully charged to its utmost, the charge will divide itself between the two, according to a well known principle in electricity. This fact may be of importance in regard to the relative position of the lightning-rod and gas-pipes of a building.

Singular Freaks of Dame Pomona.—The Concord (N. H.) Statesman says that an apple tree in that city, after having borne its blossoms fully and formed the incipient apples, has borne, on the extremity of one of its branches, a full-blown white rose, or, at least, a flower which resembles a rose in form, shape of leaves and odor. The Worcester Transcript mentions that an apple tree in that city has borne a flower which has the double leaves, the full size and white color of the rose, without its petals, while its other characteristics are those of the apple tree bud. Mr. Benjamin S. Welton, of Watertown, has exhibited to the Waterbury American, a full blown white rose, growing upon the stem of a yellow sweeting apple tree, in his garden. The rose has eight or nine tiers of leaves, and is in every respect as natural as if grown upon a rose bush.

Ripe peaches are being eaten in South Carolina.

From Salt Lake City—Why Only a Few Mormons Asked Protection of the United States.—A correspondent of the New York Times gives a long account of the recent capitulation of the Mormons, and states why only a company (150) of the Mormons placed themselves under U. S. protection:

"The company of emigrants from Salt Lake City, who arrived here (Fort Bridger) a day or two ago, are camped just outside the picket lines. Most of them are of English birth, though a few are Americans. They are unanimous in the declaration that the United States troops would never have met with any serious opposition in attempting to enter the Valley, and that if protection should be afforded to them by the troops, full one-half the entire Mormon community would embrace the opportunity to flee from the moral and physical slavery in which they are held. While grateful to Governor Cumming for having secured them the privilege of abandoning their farms and business in Salt Lake City, and fleeing with just sufficient to bring them out, they declare that he is utterly deceived in supposing that his intercession was practically effectual in behalf of a tithe of those who desired to leave.—The secret guard surrounding the Governor prevented access to him by any except such as Brigham was willing to have leave, because he knew them to be competent witnesses against crime, or for some other equally selfish reason. Every sort of device was employed to prevent parties from leaving, and only enough at last were permitted to go out to give a color of good faith to the promise made to Governor Cumming. The women, for instance, by hundreds, who had looked to the arrival of the army for rescue at last from their degradation, saw the death-knell of their hopes in the command of their masters that they should go to the southern settlements. By driving the doubtful men and women southward, it was easy to reduce the number of those who attempted to avail themselves of Governor C.'s protection to a very small figure. As an example of the means used to prevent the departure of the seceders, they mention the case of one poor woman, whose appeal for a passport outward was answered with a mocking affirmative, while, at the same moment, her children were torn from her arms and sent 'South.' Under such circumstances, of course, a mother's love turned her face towards her children, and she followed them into their hopeless captivity. Others were robbed under various pretexts, and so left without the means of leaving. Not one of those who got off at last escaped all sorts of amazing extortions, such as being compelled to pay unjust debts, in some cases two or three times over; and when all other devices of extortion had been exhausted, they were each compelled to pay a year's taxes in advance. Most of these Mormon emigrants are intelligent and shrewd."

The spirit which animates Brother Brigham is shown in the following:—

In Provo city, on the Sunday following Cumming's visit there, Brigham, in a sermon, spoke as follows:—"Governor Cumming has been here, and promised the people protection! Indeed! But the poor lousy old curse can't protect himself, much less anybody else! Why, I have to send a guard around with him, to prevent the people from cutting his throat." Subsequently he stated that Salt Lake City was his individual property; he would burn it down to-morrow. He had moved the people all South, however, and it was his purpose to burn the city anyhow, as soon as the troops should approach it. He told the people, however, to keep perfectly quiet; to settle down in the southern settlements to which they had removed, cultivating their crops; and in sixty days, or as soon as Col. Kane could go to Washington and back, he would tell them whether they were to remain in the valley or leave it.

Nicaragua—An Armed Force to be Sent.—Washington, June 24.—The President has adopted a decided and vigorous policy towards Nicaragua. An armed force will be despatched at once to San Juan del Norte, and the right of the United States to a free passage across the Isthmus will be asserted or maintained.

Regarding the above, a Washington correspondent says:—"The information which I sent you concerning the measures which the President has determined to pursue towards Nicaragua, is authentic. He will no longer allow the so-called Nicaraguan government to exclude the transit against our citizens, and will proceed to reinstate in their rights over the same the American Company which held it under a contract with that government, until it was dispossessed by force.

"Count Walewski denies that M. Belly's project is encouraged or sustained by the Government of France. But without any regard to that or any other interference or pretension, the President will send an armed force to San Juan del Norte, and take other measures to secure for the United States and the world, the uninterrupted enjoyment of the Nicaraguan transit.

"This movement will but anticipate and prevent another filibuster movement upon Nicaragua, which that miserable State could not resent. The weather is hot, and the Departments, even now, are busier than during the session."

Utah and the Mormons.—A correspondent of the Washington Union, writing from Fort Bridger under date of May 22nd, says that the following week all the civil officers would go to Salt Lake City, and immediately thereafter the road to the valley is to be declared open. Governor Cumming had "traveled all over the territory and conversed with all the citizens." This is news, as we had not before heard that the Governor had visited any other Mormon settlement than Salt Lake City. The writer says that there seem to be two parties in the territory, divided for and against polygamy. The opponents of the institution are described as being quite numerous, and a major part of them intend returning to the Atlantic States, and the first batch had already arrived at Camp Scott. If this information be correct, this party, of whom we have already been informed, will be followed by many others. The party in favor of polygamy, headed by Brigham Young, are moving south to the vicinity of Provo city and Spanish Fork, and Brigham, says the correspondent, is building a palace on Spanish Fork.

The French Duel.—The investigations made in the case of M. Henri de Pene, says the Court Journal, have led to the establishment of his utter want of skill as a fencer. For a week only before the duel with Courtiel he had attended the fencing rooms in the Rue St. Honore. A few of the *habitues*, on beholding his awkwardness, took pity on him, and, with much pains, succeeded in imparting the "feint" which produced the wound in the hand, so successfully practiced on M. Courtiel. The fact of M. Hyenne being himself an *ex-prevot d'armes*, explains the readiness with which he seized the secret of this, the only *botte* in the power of M. de Pene, and defeated it at once. The case is still very black against M. Hyenne, and his name is coupled with every debasing epithet when mentioned in connection with the duel.

Kansas.—The Board of Commissioners under the English bill have concluded their second session. They adopted a complete set of regulations for the election, fixed the precincts and voting places, appointed the judges, etc. Three copies of each return are provided for, one to be returned by the judges, one to be sent to the Governor, and one to Mr. Babcock, President of the Council. Three judges are appointed for each precinct, one Republican, one free State Democrat, and one pro-slavery man. The vote upon the Leavenworth Constitution sums up very light.

Cholera.—The Louisiana Courier of the 15th ult. notices the fact that the cholera prevails in many parts of Arkansas, and is making ravages over other western States.

NEWS ITEMS.

A dinner at a Masonic celebration on the 25th in Wellsville, N. Y., having gathered about 700 persons in one room, half the floor fell, precipitating about 300 persons on to the floor beneath, and at the same time bringing down upon them the upper floor, containing a quantity of leather, lumber, etc. No one was killed, but over forty persons were wounded, some twenty of them seriously.

Upper Lake and Liverpool Trade.—The ninth vessel of the Upper Lake and Liverpool fleet has sailed from Detroit for her destination. The only question now in the way of the permanent establishment of this trade is one of profit, the capability of lake craft for ocean service having been fully tested.

Antioch College.—This college has long been struggling with a comparatively insignificant load of debt, which threatens to be fatal to it. Unless $60,000 is raised to pay off the debts for which it is mortgaged, it is now announced that it will soon pass into the hands of the Catholics.

The Last and Worst Kansas Outrage.—A woman, writing from Kansas a horrible account of the outrages perpetrated by the border ruffians of both parties, reaches the climacteric thus:—

"But the meanest of their mean acts, they *threw into the well my straw bonnet which I had left behind in a bandbox*, it being raining when I set out."

The Paris Patrie now admits that the population of France is decreasing, while the physical powers of the inhabitants also decline. It attributes the misfortune to the insufficient food of the working classes, and the want of gymnastic exercises.

The Mission to England.—Washington, June 24.—It is reported in circles usually well informed, to-day, that the President has tendered the appointment of Minister to England to Judge Roosevelt, of New York. Col. Wm. Preston, of Kentucky, is also warmly urged for the same office.

Myriads of locusts have made their appearance in the southern part of Mississippi and the northern portion of Louisiana.

The Crops in Florida.—The Apalachicola (Fla.) Commercial Advertiser of the 16th ultimo, says:—"From all sections of the up-country, tributary to this place, we have the most encouraging accounts of the growing crops. Cotton, we understand, is some two or three weeks earlier than last year, much of it being in bloom; and if no accident befalls it during the balance of the season, the largest crop ever made in the section will be gathered next fall. The corn crop is now nearly made, and from all accounts will be unprecedented in yield."

The Democratic Congressional Convention of the Seventh District of Indiana, met recently at Terre Haute, and nominated Henry Secrist, a strong anti-Lecomptonite, as their candidate for Congress.

Reported Cession of Sonora Contradicted.—M. Robles, the Mexican Minister, authorizes a most emphatic denial of the recently published statement of the sale or cession of a large part of Sonora. He says that all decrees issued by the Mexican Government, making grants for colonization or other purposes, have been officially published, and that there is not a single instance of a grant which was not followed by an authentic announcement of the fact. That there is none in this case, and that without such publication no grant or cession is of legal effect.

Caucus.—The American word *caucus* is introduced into English politics. The London Star speaks of "a caucus of Lord Palmerston's friends."

A Profitable Cow.—Two years since, E. C. Bliss, Esq., a farmer of Chautauque county, N. Y., purchased of B. H. Andrews, Esq., of Waterbury, a Devon cow known as "Blooming Beauty." The gentleman came here last week to negotiate for more animals of the same sort, for reasons which are very obvious, viz.:—Within the two years past, he stated in our presence, he had realized in cash the sum of $385 50 in premiums and calves, as the product of that single cow—and he has one calf still left, valued at $200! This is not a bad compliment to Waterbury stock-raisers.—*Waterbury (Ct.) American.*

A Gothamite Puzzled.—An exchange says that an official of New York city, while recently taking an account of stock in the Crystal Palace, supposed the group of the Twelve Apostles to be the Presidents of the United States. The first, "James," he put in the inventory as "James Monroe;" "Thomas," the immortal "Jefferson;" "Andrew" was "Old Hickory;" the Disciple "John" was "Tyler," but when he came to the names of Simon and Bartholomew, he gave up the job in despair.

Robert Dale Owen Converted.—Private letters from the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, United States Minister at the Court of Naples, written to his friends at New Harmony, announce the gratifying intelligence that he has become converted to the Christian religion. Mr. Owen is well-known throughout this State for his scholastic attainments, but his influence has ever been weakened heretofore by his heterodox views of Christianity.—*Vincennes (Ind.) Gazette.*

The iron tie for cotton bales weighs one and a quarter pounds more than rope. The ties or locks are sold at five cents, and the hoop-iron at eight cents per pound. The cost of the material for hooping each bale will be seventy-eight cents. So we see announced in the Alabama papers.

George Peabody a Loser by the Mississippi Floods.—The Cairo City Property Company, which has met with great losses by the flood, is represented by stock to the amount of $4,000,000, of which George Peabody owns $700,000, having purchased the same during his visit to this country last year.

The heat of the sun recently so expanded the rails of the railroad between Buffalo and Rochester, New York, that they were fully six inches out of line, and the cars were delayed an hour thereby. The rails had not been placed far enough apart to allow for the greatest possible expansion under the heat of summer.

A National Convention of Teachers from all parts of the Union—including professors of colleges, teachers and superintendents of public schools, and all instructors of youth—is to be held in Cincinnati, on the 11th of August, 1858. The object stated is for comparison of views and interchange of sentiment in relation to educational matters, and for devising and considering the best possible mode for the promotion of educational interest in every section of the Union. Distinguished lecturers have been engaged for the occasion. A number of railroads have consented already to pass delegates and visitors and half fare, and all others it is presumed, will be induced to do so. The following are the lecturers already engaged, and four others are expected to attend:—W. H. Wiley, Esq., Superintendent of the Public Schools of North Carolina; John H. Malleard, Esq., a distinguished friend of popular education, of Liberty county, Georgia; John B. Philbrick, Esq., Superintendent of the Common Schools of Boston; Prof. Elton, of the University of Wisconsin; Hon. Horace Mann, President of Antioch College, Ohio.

Land Warrants.—An important change is made in this description of property, by the Act of Congress of June 3rd, 1858. They were formerly held as real estate, and conveyed after forms and methods prescribed for real estate; but this Act converts them into personal chattels, and makes them subject in conveyance, assignment, &c., to the laws governing personal property. In the event of the death of the claimant, prior to the issuing of the warrant, this Act also provides that the title to the warrant shall then vest in the widow, if one is left; and, if not, then it shall descend as other personal chattels to the other heirs or legatees.

COTTON YARNS FROM THE GIN HOUSE.

Several notices of the success of Major Henry's new plan for making cotton yarns at the same time that the cotton is ginned, have appeared in the papers recently, but we have now received from a gentleman interesting himself in the matter, a sample of the yarn made on the first day of the trial of the machinery. This trial took place at the plantation of Geo. S. Yerger, Yazoo county, Mississippi, on the 18th of May. The sample of this experimental day's work is a very fair quality of yarn, of the mean number twelve or fourteen, as estimated by different manufacturers to whom we have shown it. Some portions of it are unequal, as might be expected, but altogether it would come near the average of yarns used in Osnaburgs, many domestic mixed goods and sheetings. It is obvious that if the cotton of the great interior districts can be as successfully yarned as even this specimen, a vastly increased amount will be realized from the cotton crop to the planters, and through them to the whole country.

According to Mr. Henry's account of operations at this establishment of Col. Yerger, no delay was experienced in fitting up the machinery in the ordinary ginhouse, other than that necessary to erect partitions of the space already covered. At the first trial it was entirely successful, and the ordinary hands of the plantation were readily taught the business of working the cards and spindles. On this point the energetic projector of the plan felt much doubt himself, and the difficulty of inducing planters to make a trial of the machinery was much increased by it. The whole machinery may, as has now been proved, be worked successfully by the laboring force on any properly managed cotton growing estate, and very little greater force will be required to turn out the whole crop in yarns, than is now employed in raising and baling the raw cotton. The power of the ginning machinery is ample, in this trial case, to drive the whole, and probably no addition to the power will be needful in any case. The gins are generally driven by a small steam engine.

The yarn is worth on an average more than twice as much per pound as the raw cotton, and it is easy to see that the cotton crop of a southern State will pay an immense advance on its present value when thus exported as yarns, and if the cost of machinery and some additional labor be accounted for. Of course it cannot be expected that all the cotton will so be made in yarns, since machinery of a superior kind than that possible to employ in the buildings of a plantation is necessarily required for the very fine yarns and finer fabrics of cotton; but for the larger mass of cotton as finally used in heavy and plain goods the supply of yarns may be got wholly from these sub-factories of the interior of the planting States. Very fine cotton will be more carefully distinguished, and better baled to send abroad after the greater, or any considerable quantity, shall be worked up by the machinery, which may so easily and successfully be connected with that already indispensable in the ginhouse.

The greater advantage of this process is, however, the prevention of waste. Of the cotton now worked in northern factories from the bale as brought in the regular course of business, from twelve to twenty per cent., including bagging and bale rope, is lost to the manufacturer. When the raw cotton first goes through the gin, its fibres are fresh and unbroken, if well ginned, nearly of their full natural length. At that time they are far more easily worked by the cards, "drawing heads," and "speeders," than they are at any subsequent time. In the baling process they are crushed and pressed so violently that strong machinery is required to thoroughly pick them open again, and in this process of disentangling the fibres, much of the staple is broken. Many months of lying in wet, and exposure in some cases, and always in places not favorable to preserving the delicate thread in its elastic and natural state, mats and packs it so much that the loss above named results in preparing it for spinning. All this is avoided by the machinery of Major Henry, which is little or nothing more than the union of the carding and yarning machinery of any cotton factory, with the ginning machinery of the cotton grower.

No sudden and universal introduction of this machinery will be likely to occur, yet it opens the prospect of a very general use of it in the course of three or four years by the large and enterprising planters. With this introduction there is much reason to expect a considerable improvement in the actual and solid prosperity of the cotton growing region. More of permanence will be given to the whole business of the cotton grower, and more of attention will follow to the preservation and improvement of the lands. The whole country is alike interested in the general advancement of the cotton growing States which Major Henry's improved machinery—himself, for many years, an energetic cotton merchant, and not an adventurer—fairly promises at this first and successful trial.—*Philada. North American.*

THE CROPS.—Annexed is an extract from a letter from a Cincinnati house to one of the principal firms in New York:—

"The alarm as to short crops in the West has, in a great measure, subsided. The crisis has past, and the worst fears are over. The wheat crop will be a good one in Ohio and the adjoining States. It may be somewhat injured, but more in croaking than in reality. Our friends in Michigan say that their State has never produced so large a crop of wheat, so good in quality. The hay and oat crop will be very large, and as to the corn crop, a failure in this has never been known in the history of this country; a half crop will be quite as much as we shall want this year. Most of the uplands have been planted and will yield well. The Scioto valley, which is a great corn-producing country, was not planted last year until after the 10th of July, and yet a very large crop was gathered. Three-fourths of the crop of Indiana was not planted until after the 20th of June. The feeling is general, that the crop in the West will be abundant, notwithstanding the croakers. But we confess that, for a while, we did not feel that the 'windows of the heavens' had been opened upon us, and no ark built, no cattle driven in. The bright sunshine that has prevailed for a week has done much to dispel the gloom which hung over our agricultural interests, while other crops may now be regarded as safe; a reasonable fall will make the corn crop equally safe, and will reward the toil of the farmer. The effect of small crops would make money scarce in the West this fall and winter coming, but there are no fears at all now as to this being the case. There is old wheat sufficient now in this country to feed the whole United States twelve months, if the present crop was a failure, and there is also a large quantity of old corn yet untold. We feel very sanguine as to good times for our trade the coming fall and winter."

RETURN AFTER FORTY-SIX YEARS ABSENCE.—The Newburyport Herald says that the old residents of Ward One, were not a little surprised on Thursday last, by the advent in their midst of Mr. Peter Fudge, after an absence of forty-six years. It was supposed that he had long been an inhabitant of the spiritual spheres. In 1812 Mr. Fudge sailed from Newburyport, in a ship belonging to the late Moses Brown, since which time no tidings were had of him until his return. His wife was married twice after his departure, and some years since she took her flight through death's vaulted chambers. Three score and ten years have rolled over the head of the returned wanderer; and now, as the eye dims and the heart gets old and slow, the lithe limbs stiffen and the sunburnt locks become thin, the recollection of his birthplace and his boyish sports all tend to inspire him with a desire to see once more the home of his childhood ere he falls into that dreamless state that knows no waking.

☞ The Scotch have a saying—"Who cheats me once, shame befall him; if he cheats me twice, shame befall me."

☞ You may rise early, go to bed late, study hard, read much, and devour the marrow of the best authors, and yet be as meagre in regard of true and useful knowledge as Pharaoh's lean kine after they had eaten the fat ones.—*Bishop Sanderson.*

☞ THE BEST COUNSEL FOR PLAINTIFF AND DEFENDANT.—Don't go to law.

☞ Gold in this world covers as many sins as charity in the next.—*Fielding.*

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS - The Flour market has been totally devoid of spirit since our last weekly report, the speculative demand having entirely ceased, and the inquiry both for shipment and home consumption being of a very restricted character. The sales for export only comprise 5000 bbls at $4.12½@4.25 for superfine; $4.62½ for extra, and $4.87½@5 for extra family, closing with free sellers at these figures. Rye Flour has been in steady request. Sales of 300 bbls at $3.33½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is arriving more freely, but the demand has fallen off. Sales of 500 bbls Penna at $3.37½, and 150 barrels Brandywine at $3.75.

GRAIN—There was some little inquiry for Wheat for shipment at the close of our last report, but since then the market has been dull, and we reduce our quotations 1@2c ₱ bush. Sales of 13,000 bush at 80c up to $1.04 for inferior Southern and prime Pennsylvania, and 85c up to $1.20 for white, but the latter rate was realized for choice parcels. Rye has been taken on arrival at 58@59c for Penna. and 66c for Delaware; a sale of 1000 bush was made on private terms. Corn meets an active inquiry chiefly for shipment, and prices have again advanced 3c ₱ bush. Sales of 55,000 bush yellow at 73@76c afloat, closing at the latter rate, 71@74c in store, and 65@70c for damaged and fair quality. Barley is dull. 700 bush Barley Malt sold at 70c. Oats were inactive early in the week, and advanced 2c ₱ bush, but subsequently this improvement was lost. 20,000 bush sold at 40@42c for Penna. and 40@41c for Delaware.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet, with but little prospect of any immediate improvement. The receipts and stocks of Pork are light, but they are ample for the demand. The sales have been confined to 300 bbls at $17@17.25 for Western Mess, and $14.50@15 ₱ bbl for Prime. City packed Mess Beef sells at $16@17, cash. Bacon—There is very little inquiry either from the South or for home consumption, but prices are unchanged. Sales of Hams at 10@11½c for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides at 8½@9c, and Shoulders at 6½@7c, 60 days, as in quality. Sales of 150 tierces bagged Hams, on terms kept private. In Bulk Meats but little movement worthy of notice. There is very little stock of this article now left to operate in, and very little coming forward from the West. Sales of barrels and tierces at 11½@11½c, and kegs at 12½@13c ₱ lb, cash. Butter is extremely dull. Sales of Solid Packed at 11@12c, and Roll at 11@12½c. In Cheese no change. Eggs are selling at 10½@11c ₱ doz.

COTTON—There has been a good demand during the past week, and prices, notwithstanding the unfavorable advices from abroad, have advanced ⅛ ₱ lb. Sales of 1200 bales at 11½@13½c for Upland, and 12½@14c for New Orleans, including samples at 12c.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron has been limited, and prices have declined $5 ₱ ton; sales of 160 hhds No. 1 at $33@32, early in the week, and on Saturday at $30, chiefly at the latter rate. Tanner's Bark remains without change. A cargo of Spanish sold at $14.50 ₱ cord, and one of Chesnut at $12.

BEESWAX—But little offering. Small sales of Yellow at 31c ₱ lb, cash, which is a decline.

FEATHERS—There are but few here. Small sales of good Western at 45@48c ₱ lb cash.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit of all kinds is dull; small sales of Dried Apples at 5½@5½c, and unpared Peaches at 10@12c ₱ lb. Green Fruit is coming forward more freely.

GUANO—The demand as usual as this time of the year, has fallen off. Sales at $53@58 ₱ ton, cash, for Peruvian. Super Phosphate of Lime commands $45.

HEMP—The stock is very small, and there is nothing doing.

HIDES—There have been no arrivals or sales since our last notice.

HOPS—There has been a little more inquiry and prices are rather better. Sales of first sort Eastern and Western at 7@10c ₱ lb.

IRON—In the Pig Iron market we notice rather more activity, but without change in prices. The sales comprise about 3,500 tons, averaging $21, $20 and $19, cash. Scotch Pig is nominally held at $24, but without sales. Blooms range from $60 to $65 for good Charcoal. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron have undergone no change.

LEAD—There is little or no stock here in first hands. Some lots have been received here by the manufacturers direct from St. Louis.

LEATHER—There is a good demand for Slaughter and the better grades of Spanish Sole, at full rates.

LUMBER—The demand continues quite limited for all descriptions. The only sales reported are two cargoes Yellow Pine Sap Boards, ranging from $12 to $14 ₱ M. feet. The last sale of Lathe was at $1.25, and Pickets at $5@6 ₱ M. for 4 and 4½ feet.

SEEDS—The receipts of Clover seed continue very small, and it is taken on arrival at $4.25@4.50 ₱ 64 lbs. Flaxseed commands $1.55@1.60 ₱ bushel, but the market is bare of the article. Timothy is not inquired after, and it is nominally held at $2@$2.12½.

TALLOW—Is dull. Sales of City Rendered at 10½c, and Country at 10c, cash.

TOBACCO—Meets a limited inquiry for both Leaf and Manufactured, but we continue former quotations.

WOOL—There is very little doing here, and the manufacturers are purchasing only to supply present wants. Supplies come forward very slowly, the shearing season being much later than usual, and the damage to the railroads throughout the West in consequence of the recent overflow, having kept back supplies. The opening rates have not yet been fixed. Lots of unwashed at 18@20c; common at 32c., and mixed fleeces at 35@39c. ₱ lb., cash.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

June 26.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is heavy; sales of 9,000 bbls. Wheat is advancing; sales of 30,000 bus at $1.25 for Southern white and $1.03@1.10 for Western white, and $1.02 for red; 88@96c for Milwaukie Club and 85@90c for Chicago Spring. Corn sales of 12,000 bus at 72@76c for mixed and 80c for yellow. Mess Pork 25c lower, at $16.15@16.25; Prime quotes at $13.25@13.40.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 303 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Phil Ger & Nor	32	42
U S 6 per ct			Reading	22	22½
" "	62	104	Minehill	63	64
" "	57	114	Har & Lan	55	56½
" "	50	114	Cam Va	2	5
" 5 "	65	100	Tioga preferred	—	—
Phila 6 per ct	96	96½	P W & Bal	31½	32½
" " new	101	101½	Long Island	10½	11½
" 5 "	88	—	Wilmport & Elm	10½	11
Cam City 6 per ct	—	—	Catawissa	42	44
Penn 6 per ct	—	95	CANAL STOCKS.		
Allegh City 6 per ct	—	—	Sch Nav	—	7
" County "	—	—	" preferred	14	16½
" " R R 6	48	—	Lehigh Nav	47	48
Penn "	—	—	Morris Canal	42	43
" 5 "	89½	90	" preferred	102	—
" 5 coupon	93½	93½	C & L	47	48
Penn 6 per ct	92	92	Union	3	5
Kentucky 6 per ct	102	103	Sus & Tidewater	—	5
Missouri "	87½	88	BANK STOCKS		
Penn R R 6 per ct	100½	101	North America	132	133
2d mort loan '52	97	97½	Philadelphia	102	103
C & Am R R 6 per ct	77	80	Farm & Mec	56½	57
P & N R R "	97	—	Commerce	46½	48
Reading R R "	74½	75	N Liberty	55	—
" 1852 "	90	91	Mechanics	25½	26½
" "	89½	90½	Southwark	70	—
Lehigh Valley 6's	87	87	P Township	34	35
Cam Val R R 6's	85	85	Kensington	60	—
Penn R R 6's	86	—	Spring	11	11½
Phil W & Bal 6 per ct	86½	87	Western	36½	38
" R R 6 per ct	86½	87	Mon & Mech	25½	26½
Long I R R "	78	80	Commerce	60	65
Sch Nav '82 "	87	88	Tradesman's	65	—
Lehigh Nav "	91½	92	City	50	54
Morr "	96	100	Consolidation	93	94
C & D "	90	93	Commonwealth	98	99
Sch & Sus 7 per ct	100	104	Corn Exchange	98	99
Union Canal	50	52	Penn Township	55	70
Wil'mn & Elmira 1st mort 7 per ct	64½	65	M & M Bank	48	50
2d " "	—	50	Exchange Bank	54	—
Catawissa "	—	40	Kensington	114½	—
North Pa 6 per ct	89½	90	Northern Liberties	118	—
RAILROAD STOCK.			Louisville, Ky	115	—
Cam & Amboy	98½	99	Farmers, Ky	112	—
Pennsylvania	61½	61½	Union, Nash, Tenn	100	—
Beaver Meadow	46½	58½	Farmers, Tenn	100	—
North Penna	9½	9½	Corn & Rich	7	9½
			N O Gas Light	130	—

INTELLIGENCE FROM INDIANA.

POWELL SLADE, says:

ARLINGTON, Wayne Co., Ind., April 21st, 1857.

"Allow me to say that Hoofland's German Bitters have truly performed miracles in this part of the country, and there are *many* who can and do speak of its excellency and intrinsic merits. I send you the names of some who have been greatly relieved by it—J. J. Swing, Mrs. D. D Carson, Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, Mrs. John Minor, Mr. M. Reigle, Mrs. F. Sell, and many others."

These Bitters are intended for Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, and diseases arising from a disordered stomach. They *will* perform what it is said they will. For sale by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle. See that you get Hoofland's German Bitters.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a very valuable article, and one that it would be well for every householder to have at hand, in case of bruises, scalds, burns, diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera, fever and ague, and the host of diseases, external and internal, which it is adapted to cure or alleviate.—*Salem Observer.*

FITS, FITS, FITS.

JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE A CERTAIN REMEDY.

This disease, Epilepsy, soon becomes firmly fixed by habit, and the more numerous the attacks have been, the greater is the liability of their return and the greater will be the difficulty in arresting them. There is not only a greater liability to their return in proportion to the number of attacks, but the convulsions become more severe, and are repeated at shorter intervals. So that what at first was perhaps a mere faintness, with or without slight muscular twitchings, and occurring at long intervals, in time become violent convulsions of almost daily occurrence. The person thus afflicted gradually sinks into a state of imbecility, a burden to himself and to his friends, until at length his sufferings are ended by the hand of Death.

It is evident that if relief is obtained at all after the disease becomes habitual, it must be by some treatment which is permanent in its effects and not only to suppress the attacks, but also, if possible, to remove the morbid tendency to relapse.

Jayne's Alterative has been found to answer this purpose admirably, gradually removing the morbid tendency, and the causes which produce the disease, and, when its use is continued for a sufficient length of time, producing permanent cures.

THE PROOF.

WEST SALEM, Edwards Co., Ill, Sept. '56.

Dr D Jayne: Sir—It gives me pleasure to inform you that your ALTERATIVE has effected a cure of FITS. My son, when he was about three years of age, was troubled with FITS, but supposing they proceeded from worms I gave him Worm Medicine, but to no purpose. I then concluded there was no remedy unless he would outgrow them, but still had more frequent and severe attacks until he was four and a half years old. Then I gave him your ALTERATIVE according to directions. He had no more Fits after taking it for some time, and I believe it has perfectly cured him.

ALFRED McKINNEY

ANOTHER CURE.

BURLINGTON, Bradford Co., Pa., Nov. '56.

Dr D Jayne: Dear Sir—About five years since, my child was taken with EPILEPTIC FITS, which continued for two years, and was finally cured by the use of twenty-six bottles of your ALTERATIVE and some SANATIVE PILLS. She has not had a fit for three years. Yours, truly,

CEPHAS CLARKE

We are well acquainted with Mr. Clarke, and have full confidence in the above statement.

MERRY, WILHELM & CO.

ANOTHER AND MORE REMARKABLE CASE.

DANVILLE, PA., July 5, 1856.

Dr. D Jayne & Son, Philadelphia: Gentlemen—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your ALTERATIVE. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from RHEUMATISM during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with EPILEPTIC FITS, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best physicians, but all proved ineffectual and scarcely afforded me any relief. After the fits commenced, my right side became gradually paralyzed. I lost the use of my arm, and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood. In this condition at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your ALTERATIVE last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a single fit; the use of my limbs has returned, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the ALTERATIVE, and a couple of boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your ALTERATIVE the best medicine in the world for EPILEPTIC FITS, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it. Yours, truly,

JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

THOS. WOODS, WM. KITCHEN,
G. B. BROWN, G. W. FORREST,
GEO S SANDERS, JAS M JONES,
J R MOORE

AGAIN SUCCESSFUL.

BURRITT'S RAPIDS, C. W., Aug. 8, '57.

I hereby certify that I have used Dr D Jayne's ALTERATIVE and SANATIVE PILLS in my family in case of EPILEPTIC FITS with marked success. R. BRECKENRIDGE

ANOTHER CURE.

LANESVILLE, Harrison Co., Ind., Feb. '58.

Dr. D. Jayne: Sir—Your ALTERATIVE has cured me of EPILEPTIC FITS. I had five very severe attacks within two years, and when every remedy and every kind of treatment has completely failed to cure me, I then decided to use your medicine. I have taken eighteen bottles of the ALTERATIVE, and one dozen of the SANATIVE PILLS, and for one year I have been entirely free from any attacks, and I am now able to attend to my business. Yours, truly,

SAMUEL WOLF.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the United States. je12-4t

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	12@14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₱ lb	12@16
Sirloin steak "	14@16	Breast and Neck "	6@8
Rump "	12@14	Young Lamb, whole	25@30
Chuck pieces "	8@11	Whole carcase	8@9
Plates and navel corned "	8@10	Veal.	
Tongue, fresh "	62@75	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	6
Corned "	50@62½	Hind "	10
Liver, ₱ lb	8@12	Chop "	12½
Kidney "	5@9	Cutlet "	12½
Dried beef, ₱ lb	14@16	Sweetbread, each	10
Lamb.		Pork	
Fore quarter	75@87½	Young Pigs	1,75
Hind "	1,00@1,25	Spare rib and breast, ₱ lb	10@12
Chop, ₱ lb	10@12	Pork, ₱ set	1,00@1,25
Calves head, each	25@37	Trips, ₱ lb	4@8
		Lard "	10@12
		Hams, sliced	15@16
		Hominy sausages	14@20

VEGETABLES.

Lettuce, ₱ head	2@3	New pot'o's N J, ₱ lb	4½
Rhubarb, bunch	2@4	Cabbages, ₱ head	8@10
Onion tops "	1	Carrots, dozen	10
Radishes, ₱ hundred bunches	1,50@2,00	Do ₱ lb	5@6
Asparagus, bunch	10@12	Corn pot'o's, ₱ bus	1,00@1,25
Bermuda potatoes, ₱ basket	1,25	Onions, bus	87
		Peas, ₱ basket	60@62½

FRUIT.

Apples, ₱ bbl	1,00@1,50	Cranberries, ₱ qt	14@16
Do ₱ lb	25@28	Strawberries	12@37

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ₱ pair	50@87	Chickens, ₱ lb	10@12½
Chickens, ₱ pair	75@1,25	Sab Pigs, ea, pair	25@37
		Frogs, doz	25@50

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin (Southern), ₱ doz	4,00@6,00	Oysters (Absecom) ₱ 1kt	37@75
Do Chow & Dell	6,00@8,00	Do, ₱ M	18,00@25,00
Lobsters, ₱ lb	8@16	Morris River Cove, ₱ M	10,00@12,00
Clams, ₱ M	2,00@2,50	N Y do, ₱ 1kt	12,50@15,00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, ₱ lb	20@25	Salt do, ₱	1½
Eggs, ₱ doz	14@25	Mackerel "	10
Cheese, ₱ lb	12@13	Salted Herring, bunch	6
Codfish "	5@6	Honey, ₱ lb	20@25
Dry Cod "	4@6	Sweetcake, cake	2
Halibut, ₱ lb	6@8	Salmon	37@50
Fresh Shad "	10@25	Sheepshead ₱ lb	2

BALDNESS CURED.—For real worth, Wood's Hair Restorative, undoubtedly the best preparation now in use, for restoring hair on bald heads, changing gray hair to its original color, and as a cosmetic or cure for pimples, it is fast taking the place of other preparations. No toilet now-a-days is complete without it.

CAUTION.—Beware of worthless imitations, as several are already in the market called by different names. Use none unless the words (Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, Depot St. Louis, Mo., and New York), are blown in the bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine dealers, also by all Fancy and Toilet Goods dealers in the United States and Canadas.

WHO ARE THE MISERABLE?—Let the Dyspeptic, who suffers physically and mentally answer. But though he has drank the very dregs of suffering, relief exists in the *Oxygenated Bitters; they* are "a cure for all his woes."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
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SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
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S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 5th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
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E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Manayunk, on the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. J. A. Culver, Mr. JOSEPH DIMKIN, to Miss MARGARET BENNET, both of Schuylkill Falls.

On the 26th ultimo, by John G Wilson, V D. M. Mr THOMAS HASLEM, to Miss CATHARINE MCDERMOTT, both of this city.

In Camden, on the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. E. H. Stokes, SAMUEL H. MORTON, to CAROLINE MORRIS, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. JOHN MCFETRIDGE, to Miss ELIZA A. MCALEES, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. CHRISTOPHER KENNEDAY, to Miss ISABELLA DOAK, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Cookman, Mr. B. MCCLARY, of Lecon, Ill., to Miss ANNA M. NELSON, of this city.

In this city, on the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. A Manship, Mr. LEWIS BRISTOW, to Miss ELLEN J. WEBB, both of Chesapeake City, Md.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st ultimo, MARGARET SAYLOR, aged 89.
On the 22d ultimo, Mr. PETER SPARKS, aged 57.
On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. ROSANNA REICH, aged 28 years.
On the 21st ultimo, REBECCA, wife of John Hoover, aged 40 years.
On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. AMANDA J. GOSDEN.
On the 22d ultimo, Miss ELLEN HANLY, aged 22 years.
On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. HANNAH DEDRICK, aged 42 years.
At Lawrenceville, Chester county, on the 18th ultimo, MATTHEW DAVIS, Esq. aged 85 years.
At Marcus Hook, Pa., ANNA P. wife of John D. White.
On the 18th ultimo, Miss ISABELLA CURRAN, aged 50 years.
On the 19th ultimo, THOMAS LEMON, aged 45.
On the 19th ultimo, JOSEPH H. DILL, aged 41.
On the 18th ultimo, Mrs. AUGUSTINA KEATON, aged 24 years.
At Germantown, on the 19th ultimo, REGINA, wife of Chas. W. Oldenbergh.
On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. ANN M. DONLEY, aged 47 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 29 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 26, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
New banks	1½ to 5 dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Relief notes	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Tioga & Shamo'kin, no sale		ALABAMA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solv bks	1 to 5 dis
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	MISSISSIPPI.	
DELAWARE.		All bks	uncertain
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	LOUISIANA.	
MARYLAND.		Solv bks	1 dis
Baltimore	¼ dis	OHIO.	
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
NEW YORK.		KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
MAINE.		INDIANA.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	State bank	1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
VERMONT.		MISSOURI.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
CONNECTICUT.		TENNESSEE.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Old banks	3 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.		WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
VIRGINIA.		TEXAS.	
Solv bks	1 dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	5 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		CANADA.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solv bks	2½ dis		

This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the *utmost extent*.

THE PATENT LEG has been in use twelve years, and the inventor has received (over all competitors) fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS in LONDON and NEW YORK. Nearly 3000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER,
oc16-1y 376 Chestnut St., Philada.

$100 A MONTH.

AGENTS ARE MAKING THIS AMOUNT in selling OUR CHEAP EDITION of "*LIVINGSTONE'S SIXTEEN YEARS IN THE WILDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.*"

Our Circular, with particulars of Agency and Notices of the Press is sent *free*.

A specimen copy of the Book sent, free of postage, on receipt of the price, $1.25.

J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher,
my29-1f 48 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

AGENTS WANTED.—Persons out of Employment who are desirous of engaging in a Profitable and Permanent Business, will please address for terms and full particulars.
je26-3t I. M. DAGGETT & CO., Boston, Mass.

WANTED, 1,000 AGENTS.—For the best inducements ever offered. Inclose stamp for return postage, and address
MAYNARD & CASWELL,
je12-6t Lawrence, Mass.

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A CHARMING BOOK FOR SUMMER READING.

JUST OUT.

HADJI IN SYRIA.

By MRS. SARAH BARCLAY JOHNSON,
Daughter of Dr. J. T. Barclay.

Over 300 pages, and Twelve Splendid Engravings Printed on Tinted Paper.

This is one of the most beautiful works ever issued from the American press. The vivid and startling descriptions by the authoress of her perilous adventure in the Tomb of David, and Mosque of Omar, have already given her a world-wide reputation, while the new and valuable information on the customs and peculiarities of the people, and her descriptions of the landscape and scenery of the East, make it an intensely interesting work.

Price, cloth, 75 cents; blue and gold, $1, by mail, post-paid. JAMES CHALLEN & SONS,
1t Philadelphia.

A BOOK FOR SUMMER TOURISTS.

STANFORD & DELISSER,
508 *Broadway, N. Y.*,

Publish, this day:

AQUARELLES;
Or, SUMMER SKETCHES.
BY SAMUEL SOMBRE.

Handsomely printed in large, clear type, and illustrated with original and characteristic engravings. Cloth, gilt, 63 cents.

This work is full of fun and pungent wit; it hits off with excellent effect the follies of *Life at the Springs*, —

NEWPORT, SARATOGA, SHARON, &c.

"The author is evidently a skillful limner, for his sketches are instinct with life. This is just the book to choose as a companion on a pleasure-trip to the quiet country, or to the sea-side, whether by rail-car or steamboat. It possesses several advantages for this, in its gay and sunny pictures, as well as its sportive and genial satire, and its free, almost colloquial style. It will doubtless become a great favorite with all pleasure-seeking readers at home and abroad."—"*Critic.*"

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BOOK

Wit and Humor.

MR. BLIFKIN'S ECONOMY.

The story that we told concerning Mr. Blifkin's Baby is now going through the papers, and though it was true, very few of them seem disposed to *credit* it. We were delighted with Blifkins's account of his saving, by an economical expedient, and give it in nearly his own words.

"'Mr. Blifkins,' says my wife, 'our kitchen needs painting.' 'Does it, my dear?' Well, then, need it must, for I assure you, Mrs. Blifkins, that the scouring dimes do not warrant the outlay at present.' I saw that she was unhappy, and knew that she would not relinquish her point. 'Mr. Blifkins,' said she a few days thereafter, 'I have thought of an expedient by which we can have our kitchen painted.' Her face was lighted up with an expression that it too seldom wears, as she spoke. She is a great woman for expedients is Mrs. Blifkins. 'You can do it yourself!' continued she, touching me with the point of her forefinger in the region of my fourth vest button. 'A dollar saved,' said she still further, 'is as good as a dollar earned, you know.' I looked with admiration on that wonderful specimen of her sex as she said this, and 'allowed' (as the western people say) to myself that, as an economist, she had no peer. And well I might allow it, for at that very moment were her shoulders covered by a sort of monkey jacket made of one of my worn out coats, and a pair of galligaskins had assumed the form of a basque, and were worn by a juvenile Blifkins. 'Your suggestion,' says I to my wife, 'is a good one, and to-morrow shall develope a new phase in my character. I will turn artist, and give the world evidence of a talent that needed but the Promethean spark of necessity to draw it out. I will procure pots and brushes, and Michael Angelo, Raphael, Salvator Rosa and Claude Lorraine shall yield the palm to Blifkins.' Mrs. B. was delighted. 'Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife in the night, as I was about settling into my solid nap, 'you'd better make it pale green.' 'Do what?' said I, starting up, forgetting all about the painting. 'The paint,' replied she. I am afraid that I used some expression of spleen that was unworthy of me. I turned over to try to sleep again. 'Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife, 'don't you think the window sills would look better some other color?' 'Any color you please, my dear,' said I; 'but let us dismiss the subject from present discussion.' But I was all night dreaming of my undertaking. No roseate hues mingled with my sleeping fancies, fraught with the odors of celestial bowers, but paint pots were piled in pyramids about me, brush handles, like boarding pikes, I encountered everywhere, and a villainous smell of raw paint almost suffocated me.

"I was up with the lark, and after breakfast went down to Bristle, the painter's, to procure my paint. That eminent professor of art mixed me two pots of the right article, of hues that were of a satisfactory shade, and I went home with anticipations of the most exalted character. 'Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife, 'you have dreadfully daubed your pants with the paint—strange that you should be so careless.' Sure enough, on both sides I had bestowed impartial donations of the adhering color. The pants were new, and I had congratulated myself on their being a wonderful fit. This was a discouragement. 'Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife, 'you'd better put on an old pair.' I have always boasted of my ability to compete with anybody in the particular property known as old clothes. I knew that the decayed fashions of many years hung by their allotted pegs in the closet, which had been facetiously denominated 'the wardrobe,' and hastened to procure the garment desired. In the name of all the tribes of Israel, where were the bifurcated tegiments that for years had met my view? The pegs were bare, and my first impression was that they had taken to their own legs and walked away. 'Mrs. Blifkins,' said I to my wife, on the top of the stairs, and at the top of my lungs, 'where are the—the—garments?' I heard her say something about 'sold,' and concluded that she was trying some little trick upon me, as wives sometimes will, and was adopting the formula so much in vogue, for expressing it. She came up stairs. 'Mr. Blifkins,' said she, 'I declare I sold all of your old clothes only yesterday, for a beautiful pair of vases and some tin ware.' I looked at her earnestly, but the evident calmness that prevailed in her own breast softened and subdued the violence in mine. 'You'd better put on this,' said she, holding up an article of female apparel, the name of which I disremember, but which, when secured to my waist, as I recollect, fell to my feet. She smiled as she placed it in my hand, and I put it on. 'Now shall you see, wife of my soul,' said I, 'such work as you can find alone in the Vatican at Rome or the Louvre at Paris, should you feel inclined to seek it. Here before this door I take my stand, and here I commence. You shall see.' 'Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife, 'don't drip it over on the floor.' 'Never fear,' said I, dipping in the brush and sopping it up against the side in the most approved form.

"My first aim was at the upper part of the door—a panelled door—and I applied the brush vigorously. 'Mrs. Blifkins,' said I to my wife, 'as the morning is rather cold, shouldn't you think it well to put on two coats?' She took the pleasantry as an unkind reflection on the disposition made of the old clothes, and didn't say anything. I worked away on that door severely, but I found before I had done it a weariness in the wrist, and a cold sensation up my sleeve attracting my attention, revealed the fact that a stream of paint was stealing along the handle of the brush up my arm. I laid down the implement and went to procure something with which to wipe the paint off. 'Mr. Blifkins,' screamed my wife, 'look at the baby.' I looked, as she held that young prodigy up to view, and was much shocked. The baby had crawled to the paint pot and had immersed his two hands to the elbows. Not content with this, he had laid hands on the brush, and when Mrs. Blifkins saw him he was engaged in an insane effort to get it into his mouth. The precocity of that child is most wonderful! The paint was washed off, and I commenced again. 'Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife, when I had been working about two hours with my hands cramped, my wrist and back aching, my eyes full of paint, and my face tattooed by the same like a New Zealander, 'are you most done?' The 'No' that I returned I fear was not pleasant. All that forenoon I worked at that terrible task, and at about dinner time I saw it accomplished. 'Mrs. Blifkins,' said I, 'the work is completed; come and look and admire.' She came at my request, and I noticed a mischievous twinkle in her eye as she looked. 'Why, Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife, 'you've put more paint on the paper and the carpet than you have anywhere else.' Her criticism seemed unkind, but I looked where she had directed, and round the doors and window frames were rays of paint like the surroundings of islands on a map, and below were large blotches of paint upon the carpet that had assumed geometrical forms enough to have puzzled the judgment of a professor. 'I confess, my dear, that in this particular I have been a little slovenly; but look at that work.' 'Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife, 'if there's no better painting in the what's-its-name at Rome, I don't care about seeing it.' The door bell here rang, and, 'accoutred as I was,' without thinking of it, I rushed to see who had come and met a whole bevy of ladies, and suffered the mortification of a sensitive nature under such circumstances. I here sum up the whole:

"*J. Blifkins in account with Domestic Economy.*

1858.	Dr.	1858.	Cr.
To painting one room,	$5 00	Time and labor spent in p'nting,	$3 50
		Pants spoilt in do,	8 00
		Paint,	1 00
		Spoiling carpet,	3 00
		Daubing wall,	5 00
To Balance.	$25 50	Mortification,	10 00
	$30 50		$30 50

"I throw in the dangerous experiment of the baby and the injury to health, both of which could they be estimated by numbers, would swell the amount to an alarming figure. I came solemnly to the conclusion that it would have been better to have hired it done."

Such was Mr. Blifkins's story about his economy. It is a case not much over stated.

How We Did It.—A gentleman feeling a great partiality for a young lady whose name was Noyes, was desirous without the ceremony of a formal courtship, to ascertain her sentiments. For this purpose he said to her one day, with that kind of air and manner which means either jest or earnest, as you choose to take it:—

"If I were to ask you whether you were under matrimonial engagements to any one, what part of your name (No-yes) might I take for an answer?"

"The first," said she, in the same tone, "for an answer?"

"And were I to ask you if you were inclined to form such an engagement, should such person offer who loved you, and was not indifferent to yourself, what part of your name might be then taken as an answer?"

"The last."

"And if I tell you that I love you, and ask you to form such an engagement with me, then what part of your name may I take?"

"Oh, then," replied the blushing girl, "take the *whole name*, as in such case I would cheerfully resign it for yours."

It is almost needless to add that they were soon afterwards married.

Anecdote of a Flea.—I once heard a story which, I believe, has never been in print, and I may here tell it. The sovereign of one of the German States commanded the attendance at Court of one of these exhibitions, and the performance of the fleas, some harnessed like horses, and others dressed to represent celebrated human characters, commenced. But soon the exhibitor became perturbed, looked hither and thither, searched through his repository, and stopped the performance, with an apology that one of his chief performers, his Napoleon had escaped, although he was safe since the acting began. "Where can he be gone?" said the King. The exhibitor looked uneasy, but spoke not. "Tell me," said his Majesty, interpreting his increasing confusion, "what you suspect." "If I may be so bold, your Majesty, I believe he has taken refuge with the Princess H———." "Then," said the King, "search shall be made;" and the Princess retired. After a while she appeared with a captive, who was immediately put upon the stage. But, oh! horror! the exhibitor exclaimed, "He is not my Napoleon, he is a wild one!"—*Curiosities of Insect Life.*

Doubtful Compliment.—Mr. Choate was arguing a case before a full bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, when he, wishing to compliment Judge Shaw, exclaimed:

"When I look upon the venerable Chief Justice I am like a Hindoo before his idol—I know that he is very ugly, but I feel that he is very great."

A Monster Omnibus.—The largest omnibus in France is to be found in the small town of Cavaillion, and the origin of it is somewhat singular. The proprietor of an extensive silk spinning mill in that place, employs about eighty women or young girls, most of whom belong to the surrounding villages, and are in the habit of spending the Sunday with their families. For that purpose, they were accustomed to start on the Saturday evening and walk distances varying from three to twelve miles, and return on the Sunday evening more fatigued than by a long day's work. In order to remedy that inconvenience, their employer had this omnibus constructed, which has two rows of seats, one over the other, and can contain about sixty passengers. When the mill is closed on Saturday evening, four strong horses are attached to it, and it conveys the females to their respective villages, and on Sunday evening proceeds to collect and bring them back.

☞ Francis I. one day asked Castellan if he was a gentleman. He replied that he was descended from one of the sons of Noah, but he did not know which—an answer which pleased the monarch so much, that he made him his chaplain, and then Bishop of Macon, Tulle, Orleans, and grand almoner of France.

DIVORCE MADE EASY—IS IT A "GREAT BOON" TO WOMAN!

Sevarious Brute (!)—"You'll please to observe, Mum, that a Divorce is a much easier matter than it used to be—so none of your Violence!"

Agricultural.

MEADOWS.

Mixture of Grasses.—The mixture of grasses is a subject that should engage the attention of every dairy farmer. Timothy, red-top, and clover constituted, until quite recently, almost the only mixtures. I think the experience of nearly every farmer is to the same effect. Very few of our farmers, I think, know anything about sweet-scented vernal grass, hard fescue, sheep's fescue, meadow fescue, red fescue, Italian rye grass, perennial rye grass, Kentucky blue grass, and yellow oat grass, and yet these are now shown, by experiments, to be most valuable in mixing with clover, timothy, and red-top in forming permanent pastures and lawns, and the mixture should be varied according to the soil. If a meadow is wet and overflows, the manna grass should be added. On such soils, florin, a species of white top, will greatly improve it. If the soil be very dry, the timothy and wood meadow grass may be omitted, and June grass added, and so on—the varieties to be varied according to the soil and situation. No less than twenty-four different kinds are used in creating a permanent lawn pasture. Modern practice has proven these mixtures profitable and valuable.

Time of Cutting.—The time of cutting grass, for hay, is also an important matter to the farmer. To cut them all at the same time or stage, is as inappropriate as to gather winter apples at the same time with early summer fruit.

Grass should be cut when it has the largest amount of nutritive substances, such as sugar, gluten, and other substances soluble in water. In the early stage of its growth it contains a large amount of water. From this time the sugar and other soluble matter increases, till they reach their highest amount in the blossom, before the seed forms in the cells. From this period the saccharine matter decreases, and the woody fibre increases till the seeds have matured, when the plant begins to decay. Of course, if the plant is not cut before the seed ripens, a great part of the nutriment of the plant is lost, and woody fibre left in its place. To this, however, there are exceptions. The nutritive property of timothy is greater when the seed is ripe than when in flower, and so with the orchard grass. Most of the grasses make more hay if cut when in blossom, but the crested dog tail is an exception to this rule; but as a general rule in cutting grass, it is better to be a little too early than too late. Red-top should be cut when in blossom; red clover when about half the heads are in blossom; timothy, when the blossoms have fallen, and awale grass before it blossoms.

Mode of Cutting.—The mode of cutting, too, is important. The grass, while growing, shades the roots, and keeps them moist. To cut the grass close to the ground exposes the roots, suddenly, to a burning sun, and if they are not killed it is good luck.

Many grasses have a bulbous root, in which the vitality of the plant is concentrated during winter. From these proceed the stalks which support the leaves and head. As soon as the grass is ripe, the stalk begins to dry up, near the bottom first;—generally at a point above the second joint of the stem above the root. From this point the dryness proceeds upwards, and the last portion of the stalk that yields up its vitality is that adjoining the head. The appearance of this dryness in the stalk is evidence that the tubers and seed are all ripe, and neither stalk nor leaves are longer necessary. The tubers, with one or two of the lower joints of the stalk, remain fresh and green during the winter, if left to take their natural course; but if this green portion is seared in mowing, or eat off by cattle, the result will be the death of the plant. From these observations, it is evident that timothy and other grasses having bulbous roots, should not be fed by horses, sheep, or other animals that nip close; that the proper time for cutting them is as soon as the dryness begins in the stalk, and they should not be cut lower than the second joint above the tuber.

Hay Caps.—But the best grass in the world will be poor hay, unless well cured. One or two rains on it will wash out all the nutriment, and render it of less value than good straw. Even if no rain fall on it, and it is well cocked up, the outside will be sun-burnt, and of little value, if it stand long in the hot sun. To protect hay from the sun, after it is well cured, is as necessary as to protect it from the rain, especially if it is to stand any length of time. This can be done by hay caps, made of cotton cloth, about a yard square, with pins attached to the four corners by strong twine. After the hay is cocked up, the cap can be drawn over it like an umbrella, and by the twine fastened to the stakes in the ground. They can also be used in harvest to protect the shocks. Instead of stakes some use weights attached to the corners, and let them hang down the sides of the cock of hay or shock of grain. They will cost about a shilling a-piece, and will save their cost often in a single rain in haying or harvesting. To dip the caps in a strong solution or decoction of white oak bark and alum would thicken them, and make them better protectors.—*Ohio Farmer.*

SUNDRY ITEMS.

Miles on Horse-Shoeing.—A late number of the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, containing a paper on this subject by the author of "The Horse's Foot—How to Keep it Sound"—a pamphlet largely circulated in this country. He contends that by good shoeing and care the horse may be kept in good working order to double the age now usual—summing up as follows:

"If I were asked to account for my horses' legs and feet being in better order than those of my neighbors', I should attribute it to the four following circumstances: First, that they are all shod with few nails, so placed in the shoe as to permit the foot to expand every time they move; secondly, that they all live in boxes instead of stalls, and can move whenever they please; thirdly, that they have two hours' daily walking exercise when they are not at work; and fourthly, that I have not a head-stall or rack-chain in my stable; these four circumstances comprehend the whole mystery of keeping horses' legs fine, and their feet in sound working condition up to a good old age."

In regard to fastening the shoe—it is best "allowed to expand to the weight of the horse, by placing three nails in the outer limb of the shoe, and two in the inner limb, between the toe and the commencement of the inner quarter; a larger number than five nails can never be required in any shoe of any size, or under any circumstances, excepting for the sole purpose of counteracting defective and clumsy fitting."

Grazing Wheat in Spring.—Thinly planted wheat may be grazed quite late in spring, but wheat too thick is only aggravated by the practice—it will come up thicker than before.

Mangel-Wurzel Injurious to Breeding Sows. Several correspondents of the Mark Lane Express, state this to be a fact—although, as the usual (partial) food of swine, they are found valuable and without injurious effects.

Salt as a Manure.—Mr. Christy, an eminent and successful farmer of Carrigun, Ireland, uses salt as a top-dressing for grain crops, at the rate of about four cwt. per Irish acre, which tends to stiffen the straw and prevent lodging. It is generally applied at two different times, which is far the best plan when used as a top-dressing.

Fattening Spring Chickens.—Feed them, says the Irish Farmers' Gazette, on ground rice, well boiled, mixed with barley or oat-meal, moistened with milk, and keep the coops and troughs scrupulously clean, and clean straw under the chickens. They may also get a little bruised oats daily.

Rolling Oats.—It is the practice in Great Britain to roll barley when fairly above ground, and oats are also subjected to the same operation.

Garget in Cows.—I have had experience in a large dairy for seven years, and never found any thing that would effect as speedy a cure as this receipt which I am going to write.

In giving your stock salt, mix therewith two pounds of saltpetre per bushel, and the cows will never be troubled with the garget.

If you have neglected this precautionary measure, and any of your animals are attacked, as they very possibly may be, mix an ounce of saltpetre with some meal, making the whole into a soft dough, and administer it at once.

In inveterate cases the dose might require repeating, but in ordinary attacks one will be sufficient, and the restoration of milk will be effected in twelve or fifteen hours at the farthest.

This remedy never produces swelling, nausea, or other unpleasant symptoms, and may be administered with the assurance of success.—C. H. Ingham.

Bloody Murrain.—I send you a receipt to cure the Bloody Murrain in cattle. Take two pounds of beef tallow, and melt it; then add one quart of new sweet milk, and give it as a drench while it is warm. If the first dose does not cure in twelve hours, repeat the dose, which will not fail to cure. The above is a certain cure if taken in time.—G. W. Armanson.—*Country Gentleman.*

Trap for Sheep-Killing Dogs.—Make a pen of fence rails, beginning with four, so as to have it square, and as you build it, draw in each rail as you would the sticks of a partridge trap, until your pen is of sufficient height, say five feet. In this way you will construct a pen that, when finished, will permit a dog to enter at the top at pleasure, but out of which he will find it difficult to escape, should he have the agility of an antelope. All that you have to do to catch the dog that has killed your sheep, is to construct the trap, where a dead sheep is left, as directed, as soon as possible after an attack has been made on your flock, put a part or the whole of a sheep that has been killed, in it, and remove the balance to some other field. In a majority of cases the rogue and murderer will return the succeeding night, or perhaps the next, and you will have the gratification next morning of finding him securely imprisoned.—*Southern Planter.*

Useful Receipts.

Warts Trying.—The French Gazette Medicale states that by an accident charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon the burn, the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and certainly deserves a trial.

Gooseberry Champagne.—Ferment together, says Mr. Francis, five gallons of white gooseberries, mashed, with four and a half gallons of water, add six pounds of sugar, four pounds and a half of honey, one ounce of finely-powdered white tartar, one ounce of dry orange and lemon peel, and half a gallon of white brandy. This will produce nine gallons. Before the brandy is added the mixture must be strained and put into a cask. This will be found equal to Mrs. Primrose's celebrated gooseberry wine, (See the "Vicar of Wakefield.")

Strawberries.—The following receipts for strawberries are said by a correspondent of the Ohio Farmer to succeed perfectly:

Strawberry Preserves.—Select the largest and handsomest berries, weigh them, and spread on platters. For each pound of fruit, allow a pound of powdered white sugar. Sprinkle half this amount over the berries, and let them stand several hours in a cool place, to harden and to form liquor. Put them in a porcelain lined kettle, and by degrees strew on the rest of the sugar. Boil them slowly fifteen minutes, skimming thoroughly, then take them from the syrup and spread again on platters, to cool and harden into shape. Then put them into wide-mouthed glass bottles, pour the syrup on boiling hot, and seal the jars.

Strawberry Jelly.—Take the berries when first ripe and fresh, mash and drain through a flannel bag. To each pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and one-third of the white of an egg. Boil slowly about ten minutes, skimming thoroughly, then dip it into tumblers or cups, and set it into a sunny window uncovered till it jellies, then seal them over. It will never form a very firm jelly, but it is delicious and beautiful.

A Valuable Receipt.—*First Rate Whitewash.* The editor of the American Agriculturist says he has tried various preparations for whitewashing ceilings, and the walls of unpapered rooms, but has never found anything that was entirely satisfactory until the present Spring. He has now something that affords a beautiful, clear, white color, and which cannot be rubbed off, and which he prepares in this wise:

"We procured at a paint store a dollar's worth of first quality '*Pariswhite*'—33 lbs., at three cents per lb.—and for this quantity one pound of white glue, of the best quality, usually called Cooper's glue, because manufactured by Peter Cooper, of New York. Retail price 50 cents per pound. For one day's work, half a pound of glue was put in a tin vessel, and covered with cold water over night. In the morning this was carefully heated until dissolved, when it was added to 16 lbs. of the Paris white, previously stirred in a moderate quantity of hot water. Enough water was then added to give the whole a proper milky consistency, when it was applied with a brush in the ordinary manner. Our 33 pounds of Paris white and one pound of glue sufficed for two ceilings, and the walls and ceilings of seven other small rooms.

"A single coat is equal to a double coat of lime wash, while the white is far more brilliant than lime. Indeed, the color is nearly equal to that of 'Zinc White,' which costs at least four times as much. We are satisfied, by repeated trials, that no whitewash can be made to adhere firmly without glue, or some kind of sizing, and this will invariably be colored in time with the caustic lime. The Paris white, on the contrary, is simply pure washed chalk, and is entirely inert, producing no caustic effect on the slaing. Any of our readers who try this, and are as well pleased with it as we are, will consider the information worth many times the cost of an entire volume of the Agriculturist. Had we known of it when we first 'set up housekeeping,' it would have saved us much labor, and the annoyance of garments often soiled by contact with whitewash—not to mention the saving of candles, secured by always having the ceiling white enough to *reflect* instead of *absorbing* the rays of light."

The Worm Nuisance.—The following remedy is one that has been in use for several years in New Haven, Ct., and has proved an almost infallible remedy.

Take a strip of sheet lead, about two inches wide and long enough to go round the tree; a few inches below the lowest branches, bend the strip into a trough, and bind it around the tree, with straw underneath; the trough is then filled with oil. The worms, after amusing themselves by hanging from the branches, drop upon the pavement, and make for the tree. The straw underneath the trough enables them to crawl upon it, and it is a well known fact that oil is sure death for them. The trough must not be bent close enough at the top for the worms to cross it, and it must be placed so near the branches that the rain cannot drop into it. As this is not an expensive experiment, it would, perhaps, be worth a trial.—*Public Ledger.*

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 5, 31, 28, 29, 37, was a legislator of Athens.
My 4, 36, 25, 32, 10, 15, was a Greek poetess.
My 7, 18, 34, 2, 33, was a Phrygian philosopher and fabulist.
My 9, 26, 35, 28, 43, was the founder of the Ionic philosophy.
My 6, 8, 1, 41, 25, 21, 38, 34, 30, was an eminent Grecian tragic poet.
My 38, 12, 27, 23, 42, 2, 9, 28, 11 was considered the ablest logician and philosopher of antiquity.
My 21, 13, 4, 42, was an American painter.
My 19, 2, 44, 37, 36, was a famous Genoese.
My 11, 38, 39, 7, 40, 19, was a King of England.
My 14, 13, 16, 42, 31, 17, was an English mathematician.
My 7, 20, 33, 3, 44, was the founder of the Assyrian Empire.
My whole was a celebrated Swiss philosopher.

CINROS.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 32, 31, 1, 19, is a name mentioned in the New Testament.
My 2, 32, 28, 12, 10, 13, was one of the prophets.
My 30, 4, 8, 23, 19, was a King of the Jews.
My 3, 20, 8, 24, is a book in the New Testament.
My 9, 28, 3, 23, 17, 30, 33, is a book in the New Testament.
My 25, 12 17, 18, 26, 8, is a book in the Old Testament.
My 10, 23, 12, 11, 13, is a book in the Old Testament.
My 16, 5, 31, 12, is a book in the Old Testament.
My 31, 6, 4, 19, is a name mentioned in the Bible.
My 27, 7, 22, 2, 1, is a book in the New Testament.
My 29, 21, 1, 4, is a town mentioned in the Bible.
My 5, 31, 13, 15, is a country mentioned in the Bible.
My 16, 14, 7, 32, was a son of Adam.
My whole is a proverb.

HENRY J. WALTER.

Valley Top, Montour County.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 12, 4, 5, 20, 8, is a county in Ohio.
My 3, 11, 15, 17, 9, 5, is a county in Illinois.
My 19, 3, 10, 22, 7, 24, is a county in Kentucky.
My 1, 14, 21, 6, 11, 8, is a county in Indiana.
My 13, 4, 8, 23, 15, is a county in Georgia.
My 6, 10, 16, 7, 8, is a river in the United States.
My 18, 11, 5, 12, 2, 24, is a county in Kentucky.
My 6, 5, 7, 9, 24, 16, is a county in Illinois.
My 1, 4, 5, 10, 14, 16, is a county in Missouri.
My 12, 14, 6, 2, 8, is a county in Virginia.
My 1, 20, 15, 4, 24, is a county in Virginia.
My 6, 14, 15, 18, 23, 8, is a town in New York.
My 15, 9, 11, 21, 2, is a town in Brazil.
My 11, 24 4, 12, 20, is a county in Texas.
My whole was the name of an American General.

Harmony, Pa. T. B. THRASHER.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It was on a smiling morn in May,
That a party of lords and ladies gay,
My first went sailing o'er.
Upon a fishing frolic bent—
If nothing happened to prevent,
Ere they returned to shore.

A lady sat upon the bow;
Her lover, who late had breathed his vow,
Sat talking by her side;
When from some cause which can't be reckon'd,
And with a cry much like my second,
She fell in the gliding tide.

Now was dismay on the little craft,
Some of them cried, while others laughed,
Hardly knowing what had occurr'd;
But quickly leaning over the side—
The lover rescued his future bride,
For he fished her out with my third!

My whole is an implement of war,
'Tis used with desolating power,
When foes to foes advance;
Before I cease this long tirade,
I'll tell you that it first was made
In an olden town of France.

GAHMKW

OMISSIO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 letters.
Omit my 1, and I am part of the body.
Omit my 2, and I mean equal value.
Omit my 3, and I am in through or by.
Omit my 4, and I am a vegetable.
My whole, transposed, is what farmers do.

Pottstown, Pa. L. J. F

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What will be the length of one branch of a common cycloid, the diameter of the generating circle being 7 yards 1 feet and 3 inches.

St. Lawrence Co. SATURN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ How is it when a wife wears the breeches, that she and her husband compose the number ten? Ans.—Because she is number one and he is a cypher.

☞ Why is a cowardly soldier like butter? Ans.—Because he is sure to run when exposed to fire.

☞ Why are crows the most sensible of birds? Because they never complain without *cawse*.

CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wanted, a tooth from the head of a barrel.
Wanted, an ear-ring out of an ear of corn.
Wanted, a key to fit a lock of hair.
Wanted, a pair of spectacles for the eye of a needle.
Wanted, a note on the sand bank. W. W. C.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—One good head is better than a great many heads. ENIGMA.—Elisha Kent Kane. CHARADE.—Palanquin. CHARADE.—Wheat-field. RIDDLE.—Hope—(Poe—Hop Po.) RIDDLE.—Hornet. ANAGRAMS.—Toulouse, Debrecxin, Otranto, Rouen, Amsterdam, Sleswick, Dumfries, Manchester, Swansea, Bathurst, Cork, Yakutsk Coin, Amoy. MATHEMATICAL QUERSTION.—5 215-407 feet out of ground, 4 192-407 feet under ground, 10 feet the depth of cellar.

☞ Patience.—With time and patience the leaf of the mulberry-tree becomes satin.—*Arab Proverb.*